



SCRAP BOOK





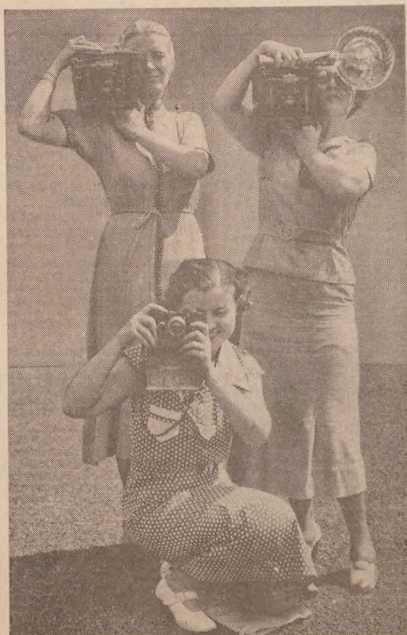
WOMAN CONQUERS ANOTHER FIELD OF SPORT

The risky sport of log-rolling was once thought to be secure for the he-men loggers of the country, but now even log-rolling has its feminine experts. Above is Sylvia Winters, Astoria, Ore., who stands along with the best.



MISS PAUL BUNYAN. Clivia Winters (right) routed the old weaker-sex theory at the Astoria regatta by winning the log-rolling derby. Her final competitor was her brother, Kauna, shown with her in the above picture.

PRIMED FOR CARAVAN



READY TO join The Washington Times camera caravan on Sunday morning for the 250-mile tour through Maryland and Pennsylvania are these three lassies. Don't be alarmed at their intricate cameras. Pictures win the tour's prizes! The three lenswomen are Dorothy Lee, Mary Crocker and La Verne Poe. Photo copyright, The Washington Times. All rights reserved.



Miss Mildred Whitcomb, dean of women at Roosevelt high school, discusses a problem with Luella Henderson.

Astoria Girl Getting Fame, Philadelphia

Clivia Winters Gets Much Space In Newspaper At Motor Show

Miss Clivia Winters, Astoria's steller girl log-roller, is really "going to town" in Philadelphia, judging from newspaper clippings sent back by her brother, Kauno Winters. Miss Winters has been appearing at the Philadelphia Motor Boat and Sportsmen's show.

In one newspaper a sports columnist devoted his entire column to a description of Miss Winters' feats on the logs, together with an interview with her. In another paper an artist has drawn a sketch of impressions at the show, prominent among which is a drawing of Miss Winters calmly powdering her nose on the end of a log while a burly logger topples into the water from the other end.

Brother Also Publicized

Not only Clivia, but Kauno too got some publicity. Another newspaper's columnist ran a lengthy interview with him concerning logging as it is practiced out here where trees are trees.

"And I didn't send all of the clippings by any means," Kauno wrote in a letter to their sister, Miss Mildred Winters, of this city. "I'm saving the best ones for a surprise."

He also said that Miss Winters has received an offer for a theatrical engagement in Cleveland.



Lincoln County Invites You to Its Big Annual REGATTA

2 Big Days—June 18 & 19

on Devils Lake . . . the premier sanctioned outboard racing event of the Pacific Northwest.

- 7 Classes of Outboard Racing
- Racing Program on Oregon Plan (1/2 Mile Course)
- Sons of Neptune
- Second Annual Eskimo Dobie Derby
- Clivia Winters (World's champion lady log roller.)
- Free for All Duck Race (Saturday Only)
- 30 Piece Band (Cherry City Baking Co. of Salem. Boys under 13 in uniform.)
- Other Thrilling Water Sports

SPONSORED by Devils Lake Regatta Association, non-profit civic organization of Lincoln County outboard racing enthusiasts.

Spinning a 'Marble'



Sylvia Winters, Clatsop county's national champion girl log roller, has developed a new stunt, spinning Paul Bunyan's 'marble.'

Clatsop Girl Log-Roller Is Spinning 'Em in the East

Astoria, April 10.—Sylvia Winters, pretty local log roller, is winning fame for herself and the sport on the Atlantic coast and just recognition for Paul Bunyan's marble.

Recently the Astoria rollee artist left for Philadelphia to appear in an exhibition in which she presented Bunyan's "shooter," a huge wooden ball, four feet in diameter, in its debut. Only the owner of the Blue Ox could knuckle down with the fir marble, but the log roller does very well maneuvering the sphere in water. Reports of her success in the exhibition relate that she is the only one able to "ride" the ball as it spins in a tricky and hurried manner in water.

Fearful that she could not find any of Bunyan's marbles in the East, Miss Winters had the "shooter" saved in two, shipping one half of it as her

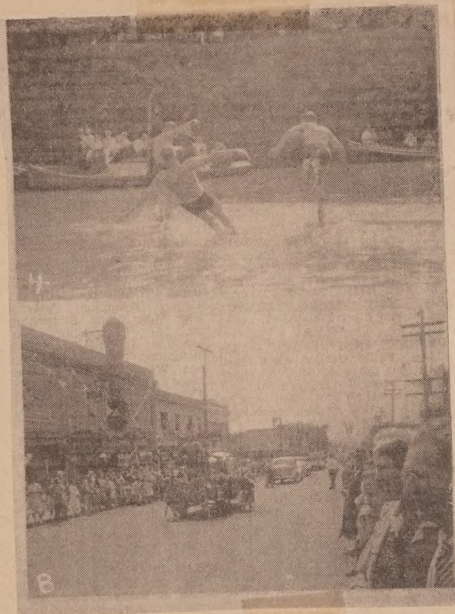
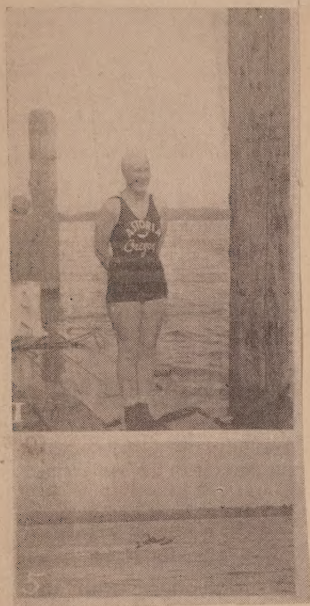
baggage and the other as her brother's. The two halves were bolted together. To bring the weight down to baggage limit, both halves were gouged out, which made the ball float higher in water and more difficult to mount.

Admirers of Paul Bunyan among the roughest element of loggers are indignant over the way log rolling is carried on in the East. Instead of well caulked boots, the rollers wear tennis shoes. Contests are staged in a canvas tank. The same rules apply to exhibitions showing present day use of Paul Bunyan's favorite "shooter."

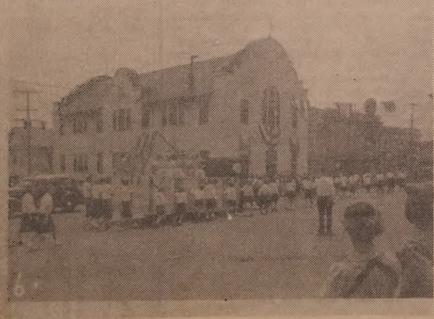
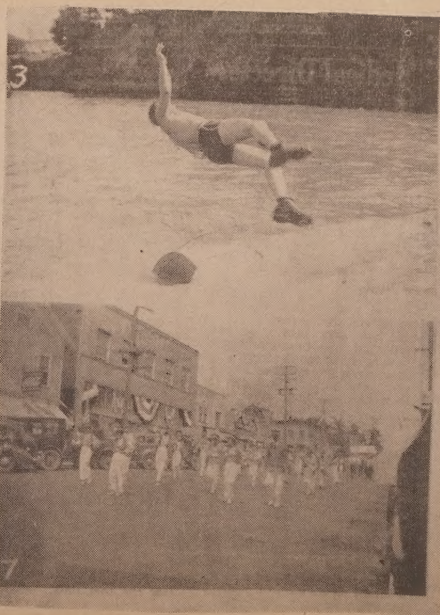
Already Miss Winters has received bids for appearing in other exhibitions on the Atlantic Coast. She won attention for defeating all contestants for log rolling in the Astoria regatta last year.

St. Hellion Photos

St. Helens, Or. - 1937 +



Bill Simason & me





George Varoff meant that his hop across the country by airplane was 'just a breeze,' not his prodigious pole vault effort of last Saturday night at Boston which took him to a new world's indoor record. He was greeted at Swan island airport Monday by his coach, Colonel Bill Hayward of the University of Oregon. The stewardess is Miss Aletha Gabie.

Cupid In Times Office: Pair Honeymooning



CUPID TOOK over the work of a route agent and a clerk in the circulation department of The Times and sent them to Virginia Beach for a two-week honeymoon. They are now Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Whipp. She is the former Lynore Higgs. They were married in the rectory of St. Francis Xavier's Church.

Little Dan Cupid, armed only with love and kisses, pushed back that uncomfortable feeling, swallowed a lump in his throat and came fearlessly into the bustling Circulation Department of The Washington Times several months ago, and today Bruce Whipp and bride, the former Lynore Higgs, are honeymooning at Virginia Beach.

He is a route agent, she a circulation statistics clerk—was married Sunday afternoon in the rectory of St. Francis Xavier's Church, by the Rev. Father Joseph Buckley, pastor. The bride gave her age as 24.

A reception given by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Higgs, followed at their home, 2725 Pennsylvania Ave. S. E. Mr. Whipp is the son of Mrs. Bruce P. Whipp, of 1426 Perry Pl. N. W.

In Fatal Crash



Annette Kern, 25, Portland nurse, who died of injuries suffered in an automobile mishap on the Old Oregon Trail. Miss Kern was en route to Spokane, Wash., for a brief holiday. Story on page 1.



NATIONAL HEAD

Mildred Reasina, president, grand chapter of Alpha Tau Delta, nurses sorority, leaving Thursday for session in Kansas City, April 25 to 27.

—Mack Brown

Miss Winters To Roll Logs For Big Show

Pretty Local Girl Going
To Philadelphia For
Large Event

Blonde and pretty Clivia Winters, champion girl log-roller in these parts, who gained fame by upsetting numerous male experts at the Astoria Regatta last fall, is going to appear in "big league" log rolling circles in Philadelphia soon.

She has been invited by the Boat Trades Association of Philadelphia, which sponsors an annual Motor Boat and Sportsmen's show from March 29 to April 3, to appear in log-rolling exhibitions there. She has accepted the invitation and will leave Sunday, with all expenses paid. Her brother Kauno Winters will accompany her on the trip.

In Daily Exhibitions

Miss Winters will appear in daily exhibitions before large crowds in a specially prepared tank in the Commercial Museum of Philadelphia. She will compete against expert log-rollers from Canada and Nova Scotia's logging woods. So well do the sponsors of the show think of Miss Winters' ability that they hold her she need not enter the general competitions, but will appear only against the champions.

Reservations have been made for Miss Winters and her brother at the Hotel Philadelphia.

The show's sponsors have used the local girl's name and picture extensively in publicity work connected with the event.

The Astoria Chamber of Commerce is considering providing her with a bathing suit identifying her as from Astoria.

Bound For Philadelphia Budget 2/24/37



Here is Clivia Winters, log-rolling champion of the lower Columbia, who is now on her way to Philadelphia to appear in a big sportsmen's show. Miss Winters has been practicing hard at her home on Youngs River, where the above picture was taken. She has developed some new stunts, among them rolling on a large wooden sphere, the one she is standing on in the picture.

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Miss Winters Departs For Philadelphia

Miss Clivia Winters, Astoria's champion girl log-roller, was rolling eastward by rail today, bound for Philadelphia and its annual Motor Boat and Sportsmen's show, where she will appear in log-rolling contests and exhibitions.

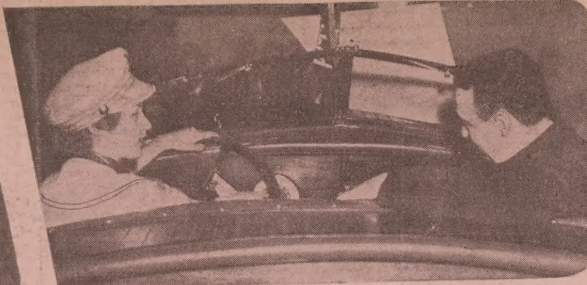
Accompanied by her brother, Kauno Winters, the young winter star left on last evening's train and expected to arrive in Philadelphia Friday morning. She will not make her first appearance in the show's big tank until the following Monday.

Will Visit Capitol

After about a week of exhibitions and contests against star log-rollers of the Canadian forests, Miss Winters and her brother will visit Washington, D. C. where they will call on Howard Tihila, former Astoria boy who is now a student and football star at George Washington university.

They expect to be back in Astoria in about three weeks.

In her appearance at the Philadelphia show Miss Winters will wear a bathing suit with an "Astoria, Oregon" inscription provided by the Astoria Chamber of Commerce.



(Daily News Photos)

Listening intently, Gov. Earle (above) learns about boats from Loretta Nagel as they sit in prow of sleek speedster at Sportsmen's show in Commercial Museum. Silvia Winters (left), champ log-roller, tunes up for competition.

Grand
march at 28th
annual ball of
Tyrone Men's
society in
Turngemeinde
hall was led
by (l. to r.)
Marie Mc-
Laughlin,
Vincent
Hughes, Kay
McCann,
William Quinn,
Betty Gorm-
ley, James
Devine and
Mr. and
Mrs. John
Mawhinney.

FUN AT THE SPORTSMEN'S SHOW



Oops! Logroller Eber Peck is about to pull a fast one on Sylvia Winters, and she doesn't know just what to do about it.



See, we told you! Sylvia didn't like this one bit, but she came back strong a few minutes later and doused Eber in the drink.

CROWD HAPPY AS CILVIA SPILLED ALL COMERS



A section of the grandstand crowd is shown as it watched Cilvia Winters win the log-rolling championship at the Astoria Regatta Thursday from both men and women. After the ordeal Cilvia (pictured below) stepped ashore perfectly dry, the only contestant who wasn't goused in the Columbia.



"LEHTI" KIRJOITTAJA HELMS-
GISSÄ 1937

Hollywooders Like Astoria



With considerable cloudy weather hampering their efforts to make moving picture scenes, the Hollywood film folk here to produce a logging picture, "Big Timber," are finding plenty of time to look around Astoria and enjoy life here. The above picture shows Jack Holt, star of the film, passing the time of day with Dr. Arthur Van Dusen of Astoria.

Outdoor Girl

In the Circle Carried On

By JIM NASIUM

SPORTS SHOW SET FOR GALA OPENING

Extensive Programs and Displays Feature Week of Exhibition at Commercial Museum

The largest display of motorboat, canoe and yacht and all other sports equipment in the Philadelphia Motorboat and Sportsmen's show has ever been able to place on the Commercial Museum floor will be included.

A program of sport entertainment has been arranged. A 60,000-gallon tank has been erected in the center of the hall for water sports, fly casting contests, log rolling and other sports. The tank has been built by Harold Ehmske, former Athletics pitcher.

Governor, Mayor to Attend

Events will be held daily—afternoons and evenings. The show opens at 10:30 A. M. each day. Special features will be on each day's program. Governor Earle and Mayor Wilson are expected to attend the opening ceremony.

A number of sports organizations will hold meetings at the show—the Wild Life League, the Isaak Walton League, the Wilderness Club and conservation organizations, as well as yachting and motorboat organizations. The Veteran Wheelmen's Association, in conjunction with active cycling clubs, will stage a meet at the show, preceded by a cycle parade on Monday afternoon starting at 4 P. M. and proceeding down the Parkway to City Hall and out Walnut Street to the show.

Among the features will be exhibits of wild life, game animals, birds and fish, lectures on Christ-Needahsh, of the Penobscot tribe and Cray Bull, of the Sioux, on wild-life lore and Indian customs, target, skeet, pistol, rifle, bow-and-arrow, canoeing, outboard motorboat demonstrations, golf exhibitions by pros and amateurs, table tennis, badminton, archery, quoits and many other sports.

Live Animal Displays

There will be a display of live game animals. The North American game animals. The live animal on display will include bear, moose, elk, wolves, beavers, porcupines, raccoons and wildcats. North American birds are to be shown.

William Burk, prominent Philadelphia manufacturer and amateur fisherman, is exhibiting a display of live Pennsylvania game fish. Miss Wilkoff Smith, of Bryn Mawr, collector and breeder of rare birds, will show her collection of pheasants from all over the world.

An exhibit from the Hudson River quarry will include a priceless collection of fossils, a team of "huskies" will show their power, and all in all, it will be a most interesting display.

Herb Fowler, veteran trapper and his son, Elmer Fowler, a young Nova Scotia guide and woodsman, will exhibit the outstanding championship of North America, and Miss Olivia Winters, of Astoria, Ore., champion log-roller of the Pacific Coast, will compete. Herb Welch, national fly-casting champion; Grover J. Walter, expert bait-caster; and "Doc" Wellman, who can place a trout fly on a river dolly at seventy-five feet, will also exhibit.

PACIFIC COAST GIRL BACK WOODS GUIDES IN WATER CONTESTS

Governor Earle and Mayor Wilson Officially Open Sport Exhibition

By GEORGE BUTZ

Philadelphia's sports lovers of the great outdoors were treated to the "inside" on the latest yesterday, as 1937's edition of the Philadelphia Motorboat and Sportsmen's show opened in Commercial Museum for a one-week stand. Thousands attended the premiere, also designated as "State of Pennsylvania Day."

Just after Governor George H. Earle was introduced by Mayor Wilson, the show was officially opened early in the afternoon.

Governor Earle and Mayor Wilson made a painstaking tour of the show with both taking special interest in the new models of fishing equipment and hunting gun.

The exhibition on the indoor "lake" attracted the opening day throng. It was the appearance of Miss Olivia Winters, the Pacific Coast women's log-rolling champion, that stole the show.

This comely miss attired in a bathing suit pitted her skill against Eber Peck, the world's champion at this sport of the North and made a creditable showing.

The disciples of Isaak Walton were confounded by the artificial fly casting executed by Herb Welch, who made some remarkable casts for distance and accuracy. He climaxed his casting exhibition by spelling his name in the quiet waters of "Lake Ehmske" with rod and reel.

Greene Easy Victor

After the visiting event, the program progressed with the other Maine, New Hampshire and Nova Scotia guides participating. The huge blocks of wood for a sport were placed on a platform and Perry Greene, of Bangor, Maine, the world's titlist in this backwoods sport "went to town" in the wood chopping event.

In a series of eliminations, Walt Soule, of Castigan, Maine, defeated Fred Pagot, of Plaster Rock, New Brunswick guide in the initial test being clocked in 53.4-5 seconds. Then, champion Greene disposed of Ken Clarke of New Hampshire in a wood-chopping race in 24 seconds flat to land the high-over-all award for the opening competition.

The log rolling battle between the men drew a throng of spectators. In a first round, Walter Hubley, from New Scotland, was no match for Peck. The world's champion at keeping his balance on a spinning log in the water.

Chief Needahsh, full-blooded Penobscot Indian master of canoeing, then called for a sport canoe tilt-a-bout between Olivia Winters and Eber Peck.

The New Hampshire team won the winners over Maine in a local sawing contest, while a combination of C. C. C. boys defeated the Nova Scotia team in another sawing test.

Rowing was represented last night on the machines where races against time will be waged by the eight men of Boat House Row during the week. Pennsylvania Barge competed against Bachelor's Barge in this novel grind last evening.

Blumberg Cycles on Treadmill

Against time on a treadmill, the cycling competition, while carmen, working on rowing machines specially adapted to register mileage, contested before large galleries of spectators.

Milt Blumberg, a member of the Nicetown Wheelmen, and Nick Briglia, of the Seymour Club, were checked for the best times on their two-wheelers. Briella cycled the specified distance in one minute ten two-fifth seconds; Blumberg was clocked in 1:19 flat.

The Bachelors Barge Club and Penn Barge supplied the individual competitors in rowing, with Anderson, of the former, turning in more laps than his other out-of-the-water rivals.

Table tennis and its present U. S. single champion, Sol Schiff, of New York, held another corner of the exhibition's spotlight. Recently returned from Baden-Baden, Austria, scene of the world's championship tourney, Schiff parried strokes by way of tuning up for the national title play to start at Newark on Thursday.

Novelty to 99 out of 100 who watched him, was provided by Fred Plaisted, aged 84, who as the centre of the Schuykill Navy's exhibition, was busily engaged in building an eight-oared racing shell. Plaisted, despite his years, is painstaking as he seeks perfection in this intricate piecework of floating woodcraft.

Bicycle Parade Opens Show

Headed by the Germantown Boys' Club Band of 35 pieces in a large bus, and accompanied by the shrill shrieks of Nick Merwin's coal-burning automobile, more than 500 cyclists of both sexes and all ages and mounted on vehicles of every description from the ancient high wheel to the latest safety. They rolled down the Parkway to City Hall, to Walnut st. and thence to the Commercial Museum as a prelude to the opening of the annual Philadelphia Motor Boat and Sportsmen's Show yesterday.

The most striking features were Ben Machelski, with a fierce bucciner's mustache, grown overnight (he was mounted on a high wheel of the vintage of '76); George Greiss and Miss Betty Simpson, of the Logan Wheelmen, on a bicycle built for two with the riders side by side and a cute little unoccupied saddle in the middle; Dave Watson, of Maple Shade, N. J., with an up-to-date soap box trailer, laboriously towed two adventurous youths and Herb Littman and T. R. Bell, both of the Logan Club, were mounted on an old-fashioned tandem.

The route prize winners follow: Chief rider in parade, Ben in Blument Morris of Germantown, age 71. Come rider, won by Ben Michelski. Motor men: Greiss. Won by John Belts, New Jersey. Motor men: Greiss. Won by John Belts, New Jersey. Motor men: Greiss. Won by John Belts, New Jersey.

The number of a showcase in line was 143. Cooke Junior High School, Northeast High School, Third West and High School. Great number of cyclists from one town by 20th Century Auto Show. A. J.

WHEN I entered the Sportsmen's Show out at Commercial Museum the other night the first sight that met these aging eyes of mine was a ship of a girl out in the middle of an artificial lake. I watched precariously on one end of a log with a big brute of a man standing on the other end and doing his dullest to dump her off into the water. That's no way to treat a lady. But, on the other hand, as I pondered this unusual situation, it occurred to me that it was no place for a lady to be. While women's place may no longer be in the home, some old-fashioned persons still contend, it certainly isn't out in the middle of a lake trying to stand on one end of a log while a big human who has no better manners tries to dump her off into the water.

Jim Nasium

As this little lady was a doleful bit of femininity that you'd expect to see playing bridge or pouring tea at some social gathering instead of competing with men in the rough sports of the lumber camps, I wanted to find out what made her that way. So after she had come ashore, I hunted up Miss Olivia Winters (that is the little lady's name), of Astoria, Ore., heralded as the amateur log-rolling champion of the northwest, whose men are men, and asked her a few impudent questions about herself.

How long had she been doing such foolish things as getting out on the end of a log and daring any brute of a man to dump her off into the water?

"Since I was about six years old," she replied. "I has always been the chief sport of the loggers and lumbermen out where I was raised, and seeing the men doing it, we kids used to play at it."

AND how long ago was that? "I know you'd get around to that—they all do. You want to know how old I am. Well, I don't mind—I'm 22." And how and when had she won the amateur championship—and what is an amateur championship at log rolling, anyway?

"An amateur at log rolling is the same as an amateur at any other sport—one who doesn't compete for money or receive any pay for doing it. But in the northwest the men of the lumber camps compete for big purses and do a lot of betting, each gang of woodsmen having their own champion. An amateur can compete against these professionals, who often tour the lumber regions and compete for money at the county fairs out there, but loses his amateur standing if he receives any money. I won the amateur championship of the northwest at Astoria last September by first defeating all the girls and then beating the winner of the men's amateur championship, which is an annual contest held at Astoria."

But hold on, little girl, how about these exhibitions at the Philadelphia Sportsmen's show? Didn't she get paid for that?

"All I get is my expenses. To protect my amateur standing I refused to accept any money."

Did she go in much for any other sports—swimming, of course, and maybe skiing?

"I guess I could swim almost before I could walk. And I hunt and fish and love it. Then I was captain of the girls' basketball team that won the amateur championship of the state—the team of the Astoria School for Trained Nurses. I'm a graduate trained nurse, you know."

Well, what particular qualification must one have to be a good log roller—what is it that makes one better at this sport than another?

"I guess it's what you might call a natural sense of balance. And you may not know it, but women have a better sense of balance than men have. Ski experts will tell you that, and so will aviators. Then you watch your opponent's feet and learn to anticipate his every movement and be prepared for it."

When I left Miss Winters I hunted up Herb Welch, champion fly caster and angler from Haines Landing in the Rangley lake region of Maine. I wanted to know something about the fishing up there—and Herb knows all about it. It's a lot of fun talking to these guys from the big woods.

"The fishing is better in the Rangley lake region than it was when I first went there 30 years ago—especially for square-tail trout. We catch trout weighing seven to nine pounds—and that's some size for a trout. I've caught a hundred in a few hours' fishing. Best place is Kenechago stream and Kenechago lake."

Guides in Water Sports

The sturdy guides from Nova Scotia, New Hampshire and Maine again attracted attention in the daily contests on "Lake Elmer" an indoor pool holding 60,000 gallons of water. Once again Miss Olivia Winters, of Astoria, Oregon, demonstrated why she is the Pacific Coast amateur champion woman log roller.

This 22-year-old trained nurse, who describes riding timber easy as "falling off a log" was spilled twice, but made a good showing against Wally Soule, the guide from Maine.

Miss Winters did show superior mastery in riding a 500-pound wooden ball, which she navigated from one side of the lake to the other by doing some real rhythm with her feet atop of the spinning oval. She never has used rubber-soled shoes in rolling logs until this show and this has handicapped her work. Soule splashed twice in trying to duplicate the girl's feat.

In the log rolling contests between the guides, Eber Peck gave a thrilling exhibition in taking the honors. Wally Soule, of Castigan, Maine, was surprised in the first bout, when he was spilled by Ken Clarke, who has only engaged in the sport of the "river hogs" for the past three years. However, Peck, sent Clarke falling into the wash in short order in the finals of the afternoon session.

Perry Greene, world's champion wood chopper from Bangor, Maine, again prevailing in his favorite event, making the splinters of a Douglass fir block sail as he battered through the wood in 20 seconds flat, or three-fifths of a second slower than his world's record. Soule won the wood chopping test from Walter Hubley, one of Nova Scotia's veteran guides, in 31.2-5 seconds.

Then the boys went into their canoe tilting event, and Allen Hunt, young New Hampshire, jabbed Hubley into the water. Soule and Peck were the respective paddlers.

Jack Pritsche, of this city, displayed his newly hand-built midget racer, which he will use this racing season in road and toy car races.

S. YS OLD-TIME LUMBERJACK LED MORE RIGOROUS LIFE

By C. William Duncan

THEY grow them big out in the great Northwest, and Kauno Winters stands over six feet high and weighs 210 pounds, without an ounce of fat on him.

He comes from the lumber country of Washington State and is here with his sister, Olivia, to take part in a log-rolling contest at the Philadelphia Sportsmen's Show in the Commercial Museum.

When Winters decided to quit high school at Astoria, Ore., a few years ago, it meant that no college football coach would ever weep with joy at the sight of a man who could plug a hole in any line. What a tackle he would have made!

Yet when I sized him up as a prospective gridiron great, Winters said I was wrong.

"Father wouldn't let me play football," he said. "He was afraid I might get hurt."

However, this is a story about forest timber and not football timber.

Wary after a long train ride across the continent, the brother and sister were taking it easy at the Hotel Philadelphia when I sought the interview.

I told Winters about a recent trip to Michigan where I saw nothing but stumps of a once great forest, where a veteran lumberjack told how the forests were ravished by men who cut down the trees and floated them away as fast as possible.

What about the Washington timber region? How long will the forests last?

There are great forests out there, he said, but they are going down fast. He believes the big timber cannot last much longer than fifteen years at the rate it is being cut down today. The yellow fir will be the first to go. It and spruce constitute the big timber. Hemlock and the small red fir are considered secondary timber.

Winters works along Youngs River, which empties into the Columbia. The timber is cut down in the forests about ten miles from the river and is carried to the stream in cars pulled by a steam locomotive.

Once in the river, the logs are grouped as to species, the spruce together, the yellow fir together, and so forth. Winters and his associates then make rafts of the logs and

are towed to the sawmills downstream.

THEY are not floated in the old picturesque fashion with individual riders on the logs. Special effort is centered on seagoing rafts, which are towed through the Pacific to ports down the coast. Occasionally a huge "cigar raft" is made, so called because it is made in the shape of a cigar.

Fights among the lumbermen? No more than one would find in any group of workmen. Conditions are far better than in the old days. The men sleep in bunks in ventilated rooms.

Winters believes one of the reasons for the fights in the years gone by was the isolation. There were no automobiles and good highways then. When a lumberjack went to camp, he stayed there for months. Petty grievances grew into hatreds and fights resulted. Also a fight between champions of rival camps furnished sport for all.

The Winters family lives on the Youngs River a short distance above where it empties into the Columbia. The members of the family are expert swimmers.

Olivia, aged 22, started to practice log-rolling when she was twelve years old and became an artist at staying on a slippery log while it was turning. She has stayed on a turning wooden ball for as long as five minutes.

A few years ago there was a meeting of lumbermen at Long View, Wash., with log-rolling, bucking and tree-climbing contests. Urged on by her family and friends, Olivia entered the log-rolling contest and did well. She later competed in other matches and became known as the leading woman log-roller in that section of the country.

IN LOG-ROLLING, two persons get on a log and revolve it in treadmill fashion; the one staying on longest is the winner. It is not a race against time, she said, but an endeavor to remain on the log longer than your opponent. She wears spikes and does tricks to the log, making it stop suddenly and then go into reverse. Here she thought perhaps she would be told to wear tennis shoes instead of shoes with spikes.

Their first trip East? Yes, but they hadn't had time to gain any impressions. All they wanted to do was rest.

Does Olivia make a business of log-rolling?

It started as a hobby, but she now accepts some professional engagements. It is not her means of livelihood, however. She is a graduate nurse of the Astoria Hospital and considers nursing a more stable career than log-rolling.

What assurance comes in this country's methods of reforestation? Vigorous efforts are being made in that direction. Winters worked at planting trees a half dozen years ago. He was employed as a private carpenter, not by the Government.

How long does it take for a tree to grow sufficiently to be valuable as cut timber?

Fifty years. Well, if the forests are going to be cut away in fifteen or twenty years, what will happen between 1937 and the time the newly planted trees are big enough for logging?

Winters doesn't know. In fact, he isn't worrying. He doesn't see the idea in getting worked up about the "sawing of the forest" in 1957.

The lumbermen go to work early. On the river they start at 8 A. M.

Cilvia Winters Shows Philadelphians How To Roll Logs



Cilvia Winters "Steals The Show" At Philadelphia

Cilvia Winters, Astoria's girl log roller, "stole the show" at the Philadelphia Sportsmen's show, according to a story in the Philadelphia Inquirer with a banner headline reading "Girl Log Roller Features Sportsmen's Show."

The account, after telling how Mayor Wilson of Philadelphia and Governor Earle opened the festivity, next features Miss Winters' stunt. It says she gave a creditable performance against Eber Peck, log-rolling champion of the world.

Miss Winters also took part in a canoe-tipping contest, reports from Philadelphia indi-



A couple of scenes showing Cilvia Winters, Astoria's star log-roller, in action at the Philadelphia Motorboat and Sportsmen's Show. The girl on the log in the upper picture is Cilvia. And the man in the water is Eber Peck, world champ. In the lower view Cilvia rolls a duet with Miss Ruth Hartsough of Philadelphia.

Cilvia Winters—Log Roller and Nurse

By TOMMY LOVETT

Six years ago a mild-mannered girl went to Longview, Wash., for the "rolleo," an annual carnival of woodmen's sports.

She had been playing at log rolling on the lake which fronts her home in Astoria, Ore., and urged by her big brother, had decided to try her skill in competition. She won the women's amateur championship.

Cilvia Winters wasn't a "lumber girl" in the fullest sense of the word. Her father was in the timber business, but not in the phase of the game that calls for river work. She didn't inherit a "river hog" technique from him.

Playing on the lake had developed her steps and balance—that and the coaching of Kauno, her brother, who did boom work on the river. His job was sorting and grading timber, placing it in raft-made stalls with the aid of a pike pole and calk boots.

Her first year in competition brought the Pacific Coast's women's title. She won it again last year at the Astoria regatta.

Now the keen-eyed young lady, who favors tailored suits and pert felt hats and flashes a deft dimple with her continual smile, is a feature attraction at the Philadelphia Motorboat and Sportsmen's Show at the Commercial Museum.

First Show

She's here as the guest of George Smith and his committee, taking part in her first show of this kind and competing against seasoned veterans of the game—hardy guides from Maine, New Hampshire, Nova Scotia and Canada.

So far she hasn't done so well, if you judge her showing solely on victories. For the first time, she has tried to roll logs with rubber-soled shoes instead of calks. And the strangeness, plus the superior experience of her adversaries, is too much.

However, there's a little matter of a 375-pound wooden ball that's all in Cilvia's favor. In rolling this trick sphere across the lake Cilvia has shown a sense of balance that's far superior to the guides.

Craftiness has no part in this stunt. There's no opponent to be shaken off—only a ducking to be averted.

"It's easier than falling off a log," was her explanation of the trick. "Much easier to fall off. You know a log can only roll one of two ways. A ball rolls more ways than you can figure."

"I've only been working with the ball about three weeks, so I guess by the time the guides have had that much practice they'll be just as good at it as I am."

"This is the first time I've ever competed against men, except in practice bouts with Kauno"—then in an aside whisper, "He's been sitting around here silently watching these shows and listening to them introduce me as the Pacific Coast champion. Well, it happens that I'm just the women's champion. He's the men's champion. We won our titles together last year—made a family affair of the competition. He'll probably be plenty peeved when he learns I've disclosed this, but—let him."

Miss Winters was questioned concerning the years that spaced her first championship venture in 1931 and the regaining of the title last year. "Oh, I spent those years acquiring another title—B. N. registered nurse. I went into training at St. Mary's Hospital in Astoria and had little time for log rolling."

Today's Tid Bits

After coming within three-fifths of a second of breaking his own record of 1:10.4, setting record yesterday, Jack Douglas Jr. finished in 1:10.4 after a 1:14.4 second attempt in competing against time. He has now surpassed a new record for the first time. And also broke Miss Cilvia Winters, Pacific Coast log rolling champion, previous her unassumingly in roller shoes to gain her first show, losing Walter Hubley trail his skill on the wooden ball, fell off immediately, but Miss Winters (lawyer) Luke Klenke in her usual skillful manner. Klenke continued his unbroken race in log rolling, losing Hubley, then Ken Clark, who had previously scored over Stuart Clark. Canoe tilting found Walt Nottle, with Clark as paddler, tipping over Allen Hunt, with Young as paddler. And the New Hampshire woodsmen defeated the Maine duo. With their customary brilliant exhibition, here, Maine demonstrated fly-casting and Chief Swadlow, master of ceremonies, plus-casting.



CILVIA WINTERS

1-1931 Photo

Cilvia Winters Back After Triumphant Visit In East; Ponders Many Fine Offers

Although tempted by attractive offers to appear in exhibitions and vaudeville presentations throughout the country, Miss Cilvia Winters, attractive nurse whose log-rolling ability is equal to that of the huskiest woodsman, is in mind to stay at home for a while, she revealed today on her return from Philadelphia where she proved to be the feature attraction at the Philadelphia Motorboat and Sportsmen's show.

Miss Winters, accompanied by her brother, Kauno, was gone for 3½ weeks, spending most of her time in the Philadelphia exhibitions but also stopping in Washington, D. C., to visit Nig Thila, former Astoria high school football player now attending George Washington university.

Astoria was most emphatically lured on the map by Miss Winters during her trip. Her skill in reading a slippery, rolling log won

top mention in all of the Philadelphia newspapers and she also gave radio talks over station WIC.

The log rolling at the Philadelphia show consisted entirely of exhibitions, but each of the contestants competed strongly for the plaudits of the crowd. Despite the fact that the other contestants were the pick of the loggers throughout the country Miss Winters had no trouble in not only capturing the attention of the crowd but also forcing her exhibition opponents to use every bit of their skill.

Miss Winters appeared in one exhibition against Eber Peck, the world's champion and her performance was more than creditable. Observers at the exhibition were inclined to believe that if the exhibition had been actual competition Peck would have lost his title.

Scribe Sniffs at Great Outdoors, but Finds the De-bunking Tough.

He's Tilted and Log-Rolled at Sportsmen's Show—Then Cries Enuff!

By SI (NOT-SO-TOUGH) SHALTZ
YOUR correspondent started out yesterday to debunk this "great outdoors" stuff and wound up with:

1. A lump on the noggin the



- size of a hen's egg.
2. A ringing noise in the back of my skull.
3. A strained back.
4. Miscellaneous pains around the shoulders, arms and neck.
5. A heavy cold from taking innumerable duckings.

It all happened because while I was talking with Teddy Giles, the press agent, I razed the act those Northwoods he-men are putting on at the Sportsmen's Show at the Commercial Museum this week.

How It Happened.

We were watching the Canadian and Maine guides go through their paces on the banks of "Lake Ehmke," a canvas pool surrounded by boats, guns, sleds, skis and the million other gadgets they have out there. I quipped I was quite a he-man and Ted took me up.

It looked like a cinch. Didn't I win a medal for woodchopping when I was leader of the Alligator Patrol in Troop 95, Boy Scouts of America?

Giles took me to Perry Greene, of Maine, who was chopping through an "eight-by-eight" in 19½ seconds, using a double-blade ax. Greene handed me the ax. I gave



Right above: The tenderfoot scribe a split second before he hit "Lake Ehmke" after getting conked by Walter Hubley, Nova Scotian tilting champ, at the Sportsmen's show. Left above: Whoops, there he goes again! This time he hits the drink trying to log-roll against the fair Sylvia Winters, woman's log-rolling champion. Right: The hardy Broad st. woodsman putting a dent in a Douglas fir beam.

him the old "95" salute and went to work.

Some Tough Timber.

Boy, I swung that ax for 13 minutes. My groove was only two and a half inches deep when I quit. How the heck did I know it was Douglas fir—among the toughest timbers in the world?

But, I told Teddy, the rest of the stuff should be easy. In the canoe tilting business, they couldn't ring in their own ax on you. All you do is smack a guy with one of those long poles with a balloon on the end of it—and over he goes. Nothing to it.

I got into a canoe with Allan Hunt, a Nova Scotian guide, as a paddler, to joust with Walter Hubley, the top tilter of the show. He didn't look so tough at first. We got out in the middle of the

lake and I straddled the gunwales holding the pole. As Hubley came near I conked him one the side of the head and he wobbled. Boy! was I hot? I turned around to give Giles the razz when, Bam! I hit Lake Ehmke.

Of Course, He Was Sold Out.

There was something wrong and I found out later. Hunt, my paddler, was a neighbor of Hubley's up in Nova Scotia. He sold me out. But an old "95er" never gives up. Next I had to take on the log rollers.

Teddy introduced me to my opponent—Miss Sylvia Winters, pretty Oregon nurse, who rolls logs for fun.

"Never Hit a Women."

"Gimme something hard," I protested. "There's no glory in licking

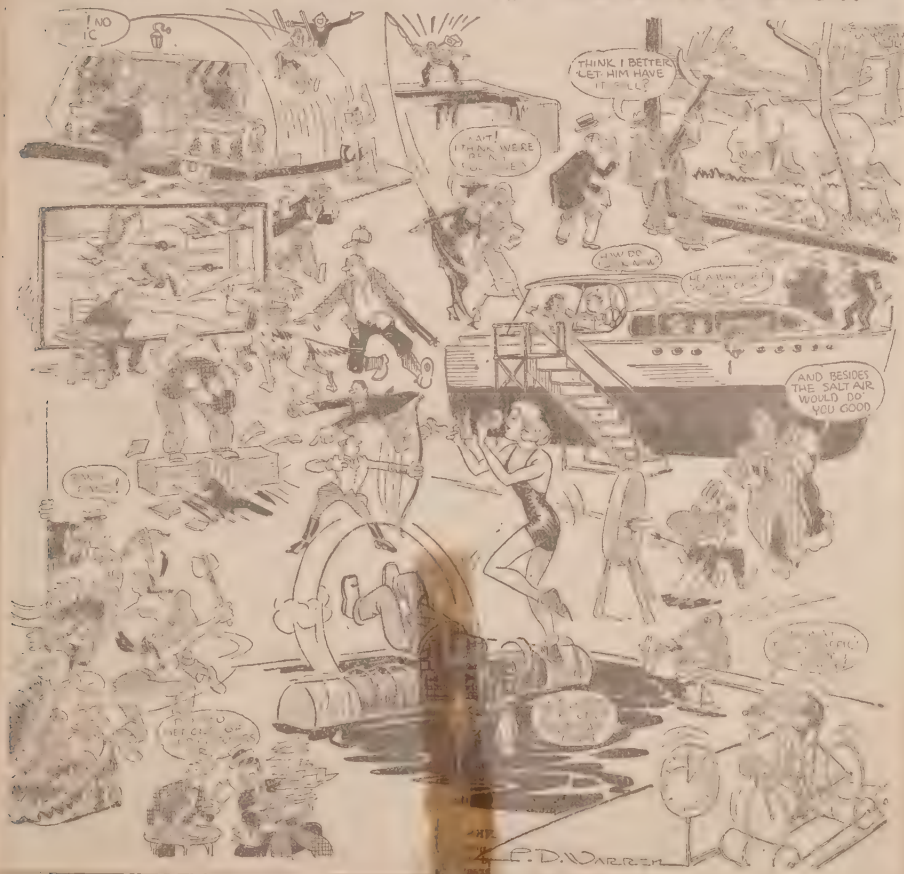
a woman log-roller—why back in '23 on the Schuykill!"

Cylvia got on a log first and began to warm up—twirling the logs first forward—then backward. A "wham-o," I was back in the drink.

The Crowning Insult. I was all for fighting it out to the bitter end, but I discovered there was somebody in the house who wasn't a sportsman.

He was a guy in the crowd who yelled: "This is where we came in. Let's go home."

Taking It All in at Sportsmen's Show







Fenn Athletic Club L. room. April 1, 1937

Judge Grover Cleveland Ladner; Chief Bear Snake; Chief
White Horn; Miss Elvira Nintan; Judge Robert V. Bolger.

Women Log Roller Is Signed for Regatta

Oceanlake, July 29 (Special)— Sylvia Winters, the world's champion log roller, will delight thousands of spectators with her feats at the fourth annual Devils Lake regatta, to be held here this week end, July 31 and August 1, according to Thomas H. Willett, general manager of the two-day water celebration.

Mrs. Winters, a resident of Astoria, performed before the throngs attending the San Francisco bay bridge opening a few months ago, and recently returned from an exhibition tour in the east where she thrilled thousands with her display of skill and repertoire of stunts performed on a log in the good old western manner.

In addition to log rolling, Mrs. Winters is particularly adept in the manipulation of a large wooden ball which will be placed in the lake.

Her exhibition alone will be worth traveling miles to see. However, the most complete program of competitive water sports has been assembled, in addition, for this year's regatta.

Nursing School Has Dance Party On Friday Night

The Hotel Astoria was the scene of a gay and colorful semi-formal dancing party Friday evening, sponsored by the senior class of the St. Mary's School of Nursing as a benefit for the St. Mary's hospital.

Apple blossoms, lilacs and tulips formed an attractive background for the affair, which was attended by more than 100 couples. Al Thompson's orchestra furnished the music for dancing.

The committee in charge of arrangements included Miss V. Maalon, Miss E. O'Toole, Miss A. Robinson and Miss M. C. Leonard.

Patrons and patronesses for the affair were Dr. and Mrs. A. Van Dusen, Dr. and Mrs. M. H. Smith, Dr. and Mrs. T. Forsstrom, Dr. and Mrs. M. H. Holmes, Dr. and Mrs. H. L. Henderson, Dr. and Mrs. L. W. Hyde, Dr. and Mrs. J. McConnell, Dr. Clara Waffle, Dr. Nellie Vernon, Dr. and Mrs. R. J. Pilkington, Dr. and Mrs. W. Lagus, Dr. and Mrs. F. H. Vincil, Dr. and Mrs. L. M. Spalding and Dr. and Mrs. E. J. Jasper. Dr. and Mrs. A. B. A. Her.

The prizes in ticket selling were won by Miss Marjorie Bullivant.

Will Be Married On Beach Sunday



Here are Alice Hertig of Seaside and Wayne Tolonen of Astoria, strolling on the beach at Seaside, where they will be married tomorrow at a public wedding sponsored by the Seaside Chamber of Commerce as an attraction for visitors. They expect to make their home in Seaside.

Buddy Rogers At Seaside Bungalow Next Monday Nite

Charles "Buddy" Rogers, ex-movie star and famed "college boy" of the movies several years ago, will appear at the Seaside Bungalow with his band Monday night, under auspices of the Astoria Anchor Girls' club. He recently deserted Hollywood at the height of his stardom to become one of the nation's most popular orchestra leaders.

He has played at the Chicago World's Fair and at the hot spots of the nation in a country-wide tour. Later he played at the College Inn and at the Casino in Chicago. He recently played in Ziegfeld's "Hot-Cha" on Broadway and has doubled up on his band-leading and picture-making work.

— Sylvia Winters (Wintturi)
Philadelphiasta tulleiden tietojen mukaan on niittänyt mainetta tukinpyörittäjänä siellä pidetyillä moottoriveneyhdistyksen juhilla. Päivälehdet urheiluosastoissaan ovat koko sivun levyisin otsikoin kertoneet miss Wintersin näytännöistä. Hän oli m. m. tukinpyörityksessä Eber Beckiä vastaan, joka on maailmanmestari tässä urheilulajissa, ja oli suoriutunut kunnialla naistenkilöksi. Miss Winters kuuluu myös saaneen tarjouksia teattereilta vesinäytäntöjen esityksissä.

'Merrily We Roll Along' Their Theme Song



Above are the two persons who were crowned Pacific coast log-rolling champions at the Astoria regatta Saturday. On the left is Cilvia Winters of Astoria, who successfully defended her title this year, and on the opposite end of the spinning log is Eddie Herron, Longview, who captured top honors for men. He dumped Kauno Winters, 1936 champ and brother of Cilvia, in the finals.

QUEEN BERNICE TO RULE FOR DAY

Salmon Jubilee Queen



Queen Bernice Warila, crowned with Oregon grape, appears as she will reign over Astoria's big Salmon Jubilee Monday, marking the 73rd anniversary of the fishing season's opening on the Columbia river.

Jubilee Queen



ASTORIA, April 24. (Special)—Granddaughter of a pioneer Columbia river fisherman, pretty blonde Bernice Warila will wear the colorful garb of her ancestral Finland when she rules as queen of the Columbia river salmon jubilee. Her crown is a wreath of Oregon grape.

Cit For Of F

Entire Day Astoria's Jub To Mass Fleet

COLUMBIA RIVER SALMON
Schedule of Day's Events
8:30 A. M. Queen Bernice Warila
waterfront with their
waterfront at sixth
9:00 A. M. Fishing fleet takes o
for parade.
9:30 A. M. Fishing fleet parade.
ing drifts in front of
by Queen of the Colu
court. This portion o
reel photographers.
12:00 Noon Civic luncheon, Astor
5:00 P. M. Band concert, R
Elks' band.
9:30 P. M. Columbia River Salmon
headquarters. All Asto
orchestra
10:00 P. M. Arrival of the Queen
march.

The impressive drama of the annual opening of the salmon fishing season in Astoria is ready enactment Monday morning, on the 73rd year of its repetition as a commercial industry in the city. The year, the colorful Columbia River Salmon Jubilee which marks the opening day will lend an even more dramatic touch to the event, as thousands of fishermen up and down the river prepare to gather up the silver harvest of the sea.

Led by beautiful Queen of the Salmon Jubilee, Bernice Warila, and her princesses dressed in picturesque Finnish, Norwegian, and Swedish costumes a great parade of boats will mass at the waterfront at the foot of Sixth street at 9 o'clock sharp Monday morning. The queen and her two princesses will ride in style in a flag and flower bedecked boat up past the Regatta headquarters, where they will stand to review the parade of boats. Following a double-file parade, the fishing fleet will mass at the water's edge, and then at a signal from the queen and a boom of cannon, the boats will race out to their traditional fishing drifts in time to lay their nets by noon, when the season officially starts.

Ask All City Out

All Astoria is asked to turn out at the Regatta Headquarters for a view of this impressive spectacle, a ceremony which marks an industry unique throughout the world. The entire student body of Astoria high school will be present, to do honor to their high school Queen Bernice and to signalize the opening day of this event so important to the city of Astoria.

Newsreels and other cameramen will be present to catch shots of the parade, and will go out on the river during the day to get the whole dramatic story of the fishing operation on the Columbia.

State, city, salmon industry notables from the entire north-west will be in the reviewing stands at the Regatta Headquarters to view the parade and race.

Civic Luncheon Stated

Following the early morning launching of the fleet, a civic luncheon will be held at the Astoria Hotel. All service clubs will be present at this affair, to entertain visiting notables, and to do honor to this immense Astoria industry. Acting Governor Franciscovich is principal speaker for the day, and he will present Queen Bernice and her princesses, Barbara Beard, and Marjorie Leinenweber to the assembled group. Appropriate trophies will be presented to the queen and her court.

The night-time ball at the Regatta Headquarters which is to serve as the new Recreation center free to all Astorians and visitors, will be a gay and colorful affair. The huge dance floor, newly waxed and shining for the occasion, is in readiness. A large platform, adequate to seat the 20 piece orchestra which will provide dance music for the crowd until 1 a. m. has been set in the midst of the ball-room floor. It will be appropriately decked in gill nets and other fishing gear.

Elks Band To Play

Previous to the dancing, which starts at 9:30, the Astoria Elks band will provide wind hour and half's program of spirited band music, concluding with the Stars and Stripes Forever. At 10 o'clock, a fanfare of music will announce the arrival of the queen, her princesses, and their escorts. The queen will wear coronation robes and crown. Her gown for the ball is in a true salmon color princess style, trimmed in river blue velvet. The brunette princess, Barbara Beard and Marjorie Leinenweber will be gowned in the princess style also, although their gowns are a bright river blue.

Hundreds Of Boats In Big Parade As Season Opens

Thousands Of Astorians Fill Regatta Grandstands; Bernice Warila Rules As Queen For Day



RULES LOWER RIVER. Bernice Warila, 16, will reign as queen of salmon jubilee at Astoria tomorrow. (Oregonian-AP photo.)

While thousands of Astorians filled the Regatta pavilion grandstand and lined other docks along the waterfront, Queen Bernice Warila of the Columbia River Salmon Jubilee which celebrates the opening of the 73rd commercial fishing season on the Columbia river gave the signal today that sent the hundreds of gillnet boats to their favorite drifts in pursuit of the Royal Chinook.

Spectators paid tribute to the queen and waved good luck to the fishermen as the gillnet fleet paraded along the river and then raced to the fishing grounds. Among the spectators were Acting Governor Frank Francisco, Secretary of State Earl Snell and State Treasurer Rufus Holman who came here to honor the industry which ranks among the greatest of the Pacific northwest.

The festivities opened with a parade of about 200 gillnet boats, several cannery tenders and the royal barge from the foot of Sixth street to the Regatta grandstand at the foot of Sixteenth street.

Gaily decorated with flags and named Queen Chinook for the day the cannery tender C. R. P. A. No. 1 was used as the royal barge on which Queen Bernice Warila and Princesses Marjorie Leinenweber and Barbara Beard were enthroned. The royal party was seated on a raised platform at the bow of the boat with fish net and cedar boughs replacing the ornate gilt and velvet favored by most members of royalty.

Newsreel Men Present

The royal barge proceeded from the foot of Sixth street to a point in front of the grandstand and anchored to await the gillnet fleet. Hovering around the barge were other craft on which newspaper photographers and newsreel cameramen took pictures which will be shown around the world.

With a boat carrying Miss Imogene Powell, jubilee director, and E. A. Stork, executive secretary of the Columbia river fishermen's union, in the lead, the long water cavalcade of gillnet boats proceeded to the grandstand and passed in review before Queen Bernice and her court. Then at a signal from the queen the boats scattered to all parts of the stream to be ready for the noon opening of the season.

Bernice Is Fitting Queen

Queen Bernice proved herself a fitting queen for the great festival. The blonde, gray-eyed Astoria high school girl, whose grandfather was a pioneer fisherman, was undismayed by the stormy weather with which the day began and cheerfully and sincerely but without ostentation wished the fishermen the best of luck. She was attired in a hand-spun Finnish costume of the kind worn on the west central coast of Finland, its red and green skirt, black velvet jacket and soft wool blouse making a splash of color against the green boughs and spider net of her throne. On her head was a crown of Oregon grape.

On the queen's right was Princess Barbara Beard, dressed in a Swedish costume of pink, white and black and wearing a head-dress of fine white linen, and on the left, was Princess Marjorie Leinenweber, who wore a Norwegian costume, bright in color and typical of those worn by the women of the Scandinavian fishing countries.

Jubilee Sidelights

Anxiety to watch the Columbia River Salmon Jubilee parade did not confine itself to human spectators and the result was "dog overboard."

One large dog and a smaller one were crowding the edge of the dock. The larger canine snarled to the smaller one: "Get out of my way, little one." The other had no time to make a rejoinder, for the big dog nosed his companion with sufficient force to send him overboard.

The little dog floundered about in the water until Truman Cook in his cruiser Susan noticed the dog's plight and sped to the scene. A Portland photographer aboard the Susan hauled the dog from the river and the dog witnessed the rest of the festival from a better vantage point than that of his boorish fellow canine.

The Astoria American Legion drum corps was on hand to greet the queen but had no place to maneuver on the dock. This proved no insuperable obstacle for the corps members. They found plenty of space inside the pavilion and played loudly enough to be heard outside.

One member of the through on hand to watch the opening of the season was really watching the start of a pursuit for his adopted progeny. This spectator was Hugh Mitchell, state superintendent of hatcheries. It is his duty to see that the salmon runs continue despite the artificial obstacles erected by man, and some of the fish raised under his supervision will be in the hauls which the gillnetters will deliver to local canneries.

A new system of signalling was devised today by Jubilee Director Imogene Powell and Fishermen's Union Secretary Ed Stork but has not yet been patented. Lacking a public address system, they kept the boats in proper formation by some ambitious arm-waving. There was a public address system in the Regatta grandstand, however. This system was brought to Astoria by the Associated Oil company and will be used for other events of the Jubilee.

Pride of Astoria Fishermen



Here is pretty Queen Bernice Warila, who ruled over opening of the Astoria salmon fishing season and sent hundreds of boats to the fishing grounds. She is shown with a Nash Ambassador 8, distributed by Wentworth & Irwin, Inc.

Astoria Fete Will Welcome Fishing Season

Astoria, April 26. — Fishermen today will honor the salmon industry by opening the Columbia River Salmon Jubilee queen, and then cruise away in the bright painted and newly equipped boats to hag as many royal Chinooks as they can.

For the first time since salmon packing began here in the year following the Civil war, a celebration sponsored by the community and attended by notables of the state, including Acting Governor Franciscovich and members of the state board of control, will mark the opening of the season. As a rule, regardless of his fortune, the fisherman indulges in some form of celebration after a summer's hard work laying and pulling in his nets, repairing his boat and mending torn nets. But now the jubilee, with a fisherman's daughter, Bernice Warila, as queen, will bid the gillnetter good luck as the entire community turns out to pay tribute to its great industry.

The business man in the grandstand will know that each of the gillnet boats passing by the reviewing stand represents an investment of \$2500 in gear and craft. More than a thousand of them are used on the numerous drifts of the Columbia. Each net costs from \$600 to \$700. Many fishermen have two, one a floater, catching fish near the surface and the other, a diver, operated on the bottom of the river, where it drags along with the tide just as the floater does at the surface. Many of the boats will slip into receiving stations with loads of salmon, worth from \$50 to \$150. A thousand pound catch would bring in \$120 at the present price of 12 cents a pound.

The purpose of the jubilee is to impress not only Astoria, but the state and county with the importance of the Columbia's great industry. Movie cameras will catch Queen Bernice's wave to wish good luck to her fishermen admirers. School children will be dismissed from their classes to witness the spectacle. Mayor Ten Brook has issued a proclamation urging all to attend.

King Chinook Reigns Today at Astoria



In celebration of opening of the spring salmon fishing season Astoria Monday is inaugurating a salmon jubilee, the first in the 72 years commercial fishing has been carried on there. Acting Governor Franciscovich is pictured showing Queen Bernice Warila how to mend a fishnet. The other man is Charles Kauppi, veteran fisherman, tanning his net in a tank of processing fluid.

Fleet Puts to Sea as Astoria Honors King Salmon



Salmon Queen Wins Homage At Astoria

Astoria, April 26.—King Chinook ruled Astoria Monday, as the first annual salmon fete marked the opening of the commercial fishing season.

With Acting Governor Frank Franciscovich and other notables in the reviewing stand, Queen Bernice Warila, pretty blonde high school girl, led a parade of gillnet boats in the river.

Queen Bernice, granddaughter of a pioneer fisherman and an Astoria high school girl, did well in her first day's work to win renown for the royal Chinook. Five of the country's newsreel associations "caught" Queen Bernice waving a checkered starting flag to send a thousand boats to the retreats of Royal Chinook salmon.

In the early morning mist, eager fishermen who expect a fine season on account of the large escapement of salmon four years ago when a strike held up fishing for 35 days, formed in a mass parade to honor their first royalty.

Wearing a garland of sallow for a

Continued on Page 2, Column 2

Top—Part of the great fleet of Columbia river fishing craft as it headed for the mouth of the river Monday following ceremonies in Astoria in celebration of the opening of the spring fishing season. Each boat represents an investment of about \$2500. Below—Royalty aboard the official ship Chinook. From left: Barbara Beard, Queen Bernice Farila and Marjorie Linenweber.

Reigns Over City Today



Queen Bernice Warila of the Columbia River Salmon Jubilee, who reigns today over Astoria and its fishing fleet, Queen Bernice, shown here in fisherman's costume, presided from her royal barge over the big fishing boat parade this morning preliminary to the season's opening.

Word has been received here of the marriage of Miss Marie de Jong, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. de Jong, formerly of Brownsmead, to Norval E. Callister in St. George, Utah, recently. Miss de Jong will be remembered here as a graduate of St. Mary's School of Nursing. Mr. Callister is a prominent attorney in Salt Lake City.

Will Give Play

The ladies of the Battle Creek Parent-Teachers association are sponsoring a play, "The Fountain of Youth," to be given in Olney Grange hall Friday evening, April 27. It is one-act comedy and was put on at the Battle Creek school about three weeks ago with such marked success that the decision was made to repeat the performance Friday night for the benefit of the Olney grange building fund. The cast of characters includes all women, who are as follows: Mrs. Floyd Blair, Mrs. H. Baumgartner, Mrs. J. Stewart, Mrs. Peterson, Mrs. Ethel Jorgenson, Mrs. Wayne Bengilla, Mrs. John Warila, Mrs. Chris Bedorha, Mrs. J. Oman, Mrs. M. Wullgar, Mrs. James Lovatt, Miss Nora Johnson, Miss Frieda Johnson, Miss Maud Winters and Edith Chiles.

Queen Of Salmon Frolic True Fisherman's Girl; Ruler Blonde, Gray-Eyed

The Queen of the Columbia River Salmon Jubilee, and her court, who will reign over Astoria's civic celebration next Monday honoring the opening day of the salmon season on the river, were presented officially for the first time today before members of the Gyro club. Sixteen-year-old Bernice Warila, from Youngs River, blonde, gray-eyed daughter of Finnish extraction, the granddaughter of a pioneer Columbia river fisherman, will serve as queen of the Salmon Jubilee throughout next Monday's festivities, beginning with the water-parade and race in the morning, and concluding with the grand march at midnight in the new Recreation hall. Miss Warila was chosen by her classmates at Astoria high school to reign as Queen of the Jubilee. Princesses and ladies in waiting to Miss Warila are Marjorie Leinenweber, 684 Hermosa avenue, Astoria, and Barbara Beard, Hammond.

Miss Warila's striking blonde beauty is enhanced by her attractive brunette princesses, for practical fishing purposes, all

three members of the royal court prefer conventional fisherman's garb.

Miss Warila and her two princesses will be introduced this week at Rotary and Kiwanis luncheons.

The Queen of the Columbia River Jubilee festivities still lives on the farm where she was born and prefers farm to city life. She has grown up in the midst of the fishing industry whose operations are as familiar to her as home duties of dish-washing and bed-making are to most farm girls her age. A heritage of many sea-going generations is in her blood, and she has listened to fishing exploits of far-away Finland from earliest days.

Miss Warila is herself an enthusiastic fisherman — going out for salmon and trout in the true sportsman's manner. She is more expert with trout than with salmon, she says, and is an enthusiastic adherent of fly-fishing.

One the great day of the Salmon Jubilee, the queen and her princesses will be garbed in the picturesque and colorful costumes of Finland, Norway, and Sweden, although



Photo from Marion L. Strahl

MARY JEAN MALOTT defeats Silvia Winters (left) in the world's championship log rolling contest at Escanaba, Mich.

Lumberjills Don Caulks for Tournament Today



Feminine contestants in birling, the sport of lumberjacks and lumberjills, are shown above as they pulled on their caulked boots at the pool where they will meet today in opening matches for the title of "Queen of White Waters." The girls, who will cuff and snub the spinning pine logs this afternoon, are (left to right) Sylvia Winters of Astoria, Ore., Mary Jean Malott of Bloomer, Wis., Marietta Phipps and Arbutus Wilson, both of Ladysmith, Wis.

—Daily Press Photo

—Daily Press Photos



OLD INDIAN CHAMPION congratulates his opponent—William (Billy) Beauregard, Odanah Indian who has held three national championships, is shown above as he congratulated Jim Running of Eau Claire, Wis., young opponent who succeeded in wetting the old-time birlar.

SYLVIA WINTERS,
astorialainen championi tukiinpörättä-
nä, vieraili Työmiehen talossa maan-
taina, ollen matkalla Escanabaan,
Mich., osallistukseen kansallisiin tuki-
npörättäiskilpailuihin siellä elok. 12 p.
Hän on laimen rannikolla paras urheilii-
nä täälläällä, johon hän on kotona ol-
lessa saanut paljon harjoitusta veljiensä
kanssa tukiinotusta. Neiti Winters on
sääranhoitajatar ammatiltaan, vaan
harrastaa kaikenlaista urheilua. Toi-
vomme hänelle parhainta menestystä
kilpailuissa.

Aberdeen Log Roller Beats Champ

Escanaba, Mich., Aug. 13.-UP.-Joe Connor, red-headed University of Minnesota graduate, lost his world log-rolling championship today when he was upset by Harley Foster, Aberdeen, Wash., Pacific Coast champion.

In the shadows of a great wooden statue of Paul Bunyan, legendary hero of northwoods lumberjacks, Connor was spilled from the spinning log twice in less than six minutes and lost the title he won in the championship tournament here last year.

Connor's defeat came in the second round of the tournament held in conjunction with the Upper Peninsula state fair.

Log rolling, or birling, had its origin in the old log drives down the northwoods rivers when lumberjacks rode the logs to break up jams. The present-day version of the sport places two birlers on opposite ends of a smooth log. The one who succeeds in spilling his opponent into the water by turning the log with his feet is declared the winner.

Connor, a favorite to retain his championship, was dropped into the water in 3 minutes 8 seconds, to lose the first fall to Foster. He lost the second and deciding fall in 2 minutes 40 seconds.

In the women's competition four "lumberjills" met in the preliminary round.

Mary Jean Mallott, Bloomer, Wis., defeated Marietta Phipps, Ladysmith, Wis. Olivia Winters, a registered nurse from Astoria, Or., won from Arbutus Wilson, 16, Ladysmith high school girl. The winners will meet for the women's title tomorrow.

A championship match—Joe Connor, present titlist (left), competes with ex-champion Wilbur Marx.



Rivals Tuning Up for the world's championship log rolling title in the tank yesterday at the fair were defending champion Joe Connor of Minnesota (left) and last year's runner-up and former title holder, Wilbur Marx of Wisconsin.

—Daily Press Photos

Joe Connor Raced Off Log By West Coast Birler



Raced off the log by Harley Foster of Aberdeen, Wash., Joe Connor, holder of the world's championship log rolling title, is shown above as he took a wetting in the second round of yesterday's matches. "Schoolboy Joe," the Minnesota university collegian, will hold his title until a new "King of White Waters" is crowned in the finals of the tournament at the U. P. fair this afternoon. Connor was winner of the contests here last year, defeating Wilber Marx of Eau Claire, Wis., who had held the title for ten years.

—Daily Press Photo

Ashlander's Conqueror Back in Roleo



Marietta Phipps and Arbutus Wilson, Ladysmith, Wis., high school girls, have entered the world's championship log rolling tournament, women's division event, to be held in Escanaba, Mich., August 12 to 14. The girls competed in their first tournament at Escanaba last year.

Miss Wilson lost to Laura Marchand of Cloquet last year, while Miss Phipps won in the first round over Agnes Hare Dixon of Ashland, Wis., only to lose the championship match to Miss Marchand.

Two Pacific coast girls, Earlita Ward and Marjorie Scates of Brinnon, Wash., are planning to enter the Escanaba Roleo this year upon their return from an exhibition tour to Atlantic City and other Atlantic coast resorts.

"Old Shoes, Please Don't Fail Me!"



The genial champion of birlers, smiling Joe Connors, donned his caked shoes yesterday afternoon preparatory to stepping on a log at the birling tank as practice for defense of his world championship log rolling title. As he did, he gave the apked brogans an once over, making certain they would not fail him in a crucial moment.

—Daily Press Photo

Highway of Distinction

By ERNEST W. PETERSON

erns and the ever-present saloon were stationed at convenient places along the route.

The new highway has two sum-
mits. The highest summit is 4,367 feet
above sea level, and Santiam sum-

Hogg pass, between the two sum-

mits, was the scene of the intense

railroad activity during the '80s.

This pass was caught in the midst

of the mad whirl to get control of

the Cascades. The Corvallis and

Eastern railway launched a project

to construct a railroad. Mr. Hogg,

after whom the pass is named, was

very active in the enterprise.

As was mentioned briefly above,

several miles of grade were con-

structed, all with Chinese labor.

Part of the old grade is plainly vis-

ible skirting the base of Hogg butte

just west of the pass. The promot-

ers even went so far as to haul

up a few hundred yards of railroad

rails and lay them. A boxcar was

freighted in and reassembled on the

two-thirds was contributed by Uncle
876. Of this total approximately
the roads administration is \$2,914-
act figure on the books of the pub-
Sisters is nearly \$3,000,000. The ex-
on the 102 miles from Albany to
route. Total amount spent since 1917
since construction started on this
Twenty-two years have passed
port within 181 miles of each other.
road has brought Bend and New-
county ocean front, for the new
hours from the popular Lincoln
elite valley. Bend is now only five
to the southern half of the William-
am pass highway is a short road
But to folks in Bend, the Santia-

Albany and Corvallis
thoroughfare across the Cascade
mountains connecting Bend with
people think of the South Santiam
bears of Bend and Newport. Many
cently opened, has made neigh-

THE new Santiam highway, re-

Block Turning Champion



Bob Orde Craig of Kelso, Wash., who is considered the national block turning champion, will be seen in action in the lumberjack contests at the Upper Peninsula State Fair today and tomorrow. Craig holds a record of 102 turns of the block in the usual two-minute period. Block turning is a sport that is especially popular on the Pacific coast.

—Daily Press Photo

"Old Shoes, Please Don't Fail Me"



The genial champion of birlers, smiling Joe Connors, donned his calked shoes yesterday afternoon preparatory to stepping on a log at the birling tank as practice for defense of his world championship log rolling title. As he did, he gave the splined brogans the once over, making certain they would not fail him in a crucial moment.

—Daily Press Photo

Stewart Holbrook, 'Local Boy,' Makes Good With New Book

STEWART H. HOLBROOK, former Portland newspaper man, and free-lance writer, never does things by halves. When he writes a book, he directs both his mental and physical energy toward assembling authentic material. For "Iron Brew" he made an exhaustive search of newspaper files, consulted an as-



Stewart H. Holbrook, formerly of Portland, author of 'Iron Brew,' story of iron and steel industry.

tounding array of books, and personally visited the locales to which the graphic volume makes reference. The result is the story of American iron and steel for the last century. It might be called a family saga, because he personalizes the account in a manner that makes the industry stand in loco parentis for the generations that have profited by its progress.

The book is excellently planned. A vivid introduction flares with a description of a typical scene in a Pennsylvania mill. Then part one of the main text reviews the ore side of the iron and steel industry. Among numerous fascinating disclosures, it calls attention to the deepest hole in the world, recounts "ore-trimming" episodes that pale present-day "rackets" in comparison; follows the trend of boom-town life when there's iron "in them there hills" and recites dramatic crises between rival interests.

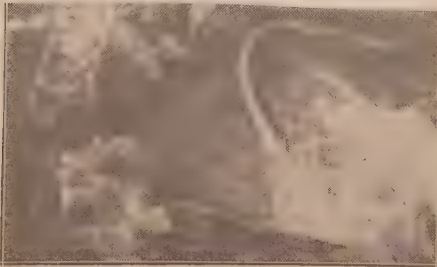
Section two is devoted to the manufacturing side, recounting the battle between Pittsburgh and Gary for financial dominance. It covers the exciting war on the Monongahela front and forges excitingly on to a provocative chapter on the "Steel Union." There is the final arresting comment that the greatest problem faced by both "Big" and "Little" Steel is not labor but loss of markets through technological transitions. The author feels organized labor can do much for labor and for the industry if it does not go "hog-wild" because of racketeering influence.

Mr. Holbrook reviews impartially every question arising through the progress of the industry. Narrative sketches about notorious and famous characters give the factual chronicle the thrilling elements of fiction. Pertinent statistics add written, virile, educational account scientific value.

"Iron Brew" is a conscientiously of what's been going on industrially in the iron regions.

The Cinderella of Dogs

The Pup Called Cinderella, by Esther Watson Reno, the Bobbs-Merrill Company, is a retelling, in part, of the popular fairy story of Cinderella, with two proud poodles and a little scrub dog, in the principal roles. A pet show instead of a party, and a silver cup in place of the glass slipper, are other new touches of the old story, but appeal for young readers is there just the same. Drawings by Leonard Weisgard add materially to the pretty little volume.



Bob Orde Craig of Kelso, Wash., who is considered the national block turning champion, will be seen in action in the lumberjack contests at the Upper Peninsula State Fair today and tomorrow. Craig holds a record of 102 turns of the block in the usual two-minute period. Block turning is a sport that is especially popular on the Pacific coast.

—Daily Press Photo



Raced off the log by Harley Foster of Aberdeen, Wash., Joe Connor, holder of the world's championship log rolling title, is shown above as he took a wetting in the second round of yesterday's matches. "Schoolboy Joe," the Minnesota university collegian, will hold his title until a new "King of White Waters" is crowned in the finals of the tournament at the U. P. fair this afternoon. Connor was winner of the contests here last year, defeating Wilbur Marx of Eau Claire, Wis., who had held the title for ten years.

—Daily Press Photo

Loggers Birl for World's Title



Jimmie Herron of Kelso, Wash., (left) and Harley Foster of Aberdeen, Wash., are shown above as they raced into the final fall of the world's championship log rolling tournament at the fairgrounds Sunday afternoon. Foster is shown as he lost his footing on the log and started backwards towards a wetting. Both are boom men at Washington lumbermills, and their victory in the semi-finals cinched the title for the loggers who were out to wreak vengeance on Joe Connor "college boy" birler who held the title last year and had never seen a log drive.

—Daily Press Photo

PACIFIC COAST BIRLERS GRAB TOP POSITIONS

CHAMPION CONNOR AND MARX ARE DEFEATED

By Charles M. Sheridan

The Pacific Northwest had its day in the birling pool in front of the grandstand at the Upper Peninsula State Fair grounds Saturday. Three of the husky, cheerful and gamely lads from the state of Washington fought their way through the second and third rounds of elimination matches and insured berths for themselves in the semi-finals of the world's championship tournament, which will be rolled early Sunday afternoon.

Only hope of the Middle West for retaining the world's championship title lies in Jimmie Running of Eau Claire, Wis., who surprised everyone Saturday afternoon by giving two successive wettings to his townsman and birling partner, Wilbur Marx, ten-year world champion from 1927 to 1937. Running will be matched against Harley Foster of Junction City, Wash., in the first match of the semi-finals Sunday afternoon.

Foster Shows Ability

Foster showed his superb birling ability Saturday afternoon by defeating Joe Connor, 1937 champion, Saturday afternoon in the second round of eliminations. He won his right to participate in the semi-finals by defeating Frank Marchand of Clatsop in the quarter-finals.

Two Washington lads will become hard-fighting rivals when Jimmie Herron and Bob Craig, both of Kelso, Wash., meet in the second semi-final match Sunday afternoon. Herron defeated two Girard boys, Lowell and Adolph, in Saturday's matches. Craig won his place in the semi-final bracket by beating Wm. Haley and Tom Connor.

Thus a Washington birler is bound to be in the final match on Sunday. If Running should defeat Foster, the final match will be an intersectional one, with Washington against Wisconsin. On the other hand, if Foster should win, he will face one of his western buddies in the final match and the title will go where Horace Greeley advised all young men to go.

Birl For Girls Title

Whether the title "Queen of the White Waters" will go west or stay in the middlewest will also be decided Sunday afternoon. Mary Jean Malott of Bloomer, Wis., will meet Olivia Winters of Astoria, Oregon, in the final match of the girls' birling tournament. In the semi-finals Saturday afternoon, Mary Jean defeated Marietta Phipps of Ladysmith, Wis., winning the first fall after five minutes and 27 seconds and the second fall after the two had gone three minutes on each of the two large logs and five and one-half seconds on the smallest log. Birling of remarkable quality for girls was displayed by both contestants and their performance drew the vociferous approval of the spectators.

Olivia Winters won her right to be a finalist by taking two falls from Arbutus Wilson of Ladysmith, Wis. The first fall came after only 12 seconds of rolling, but the Ladysmith girl put up a real battle in the second act of the match, lasting three minutes

Former Circus Owner Aids 5 Churches With His Lumberjack Picnic

An old-time circus owner, who never worked in the woods, is doing more than any other individual to preserve the memories of pioneer Michigan lumbering days by staging an annual lumberjack picnic at Edenville, along the banks of the Tittabawassee river.

He is Frank I. Wixom, Edenville's "grand old man", who finances the entire entertainment program at a cost of from \$3,000 to \$4,000, and then gives the proceeds of the event, attended by from 30,000 to 40,000 persons, to the support of five rural churches in that rural community. Edenville is a ghost lumbering town, situated in the once-famous Saginaw river pine country.

Came to Escanaba

Wixom came to Escanaba during State Fair week to sign up about a dozen log rollers to perform on his Lumberjack Picnic program, which was staged last Wednesday on the Tittabawassee river. Among the bidders who performed were: Joe Connor, Cloquet, Minn.; Clarence Knutson, and his two sons, and Joe Stauber, Marinette, Wis.; Elber Swanson, Quilcene, Wash.; William F. Gl-rard and sons, Lowell, Adolph and Edward, Gladstone; Wilbur Marx, Eau Claire, Wis.; Marietta Phipps and Arbutus Wilson, Ladysmith, Wis.

Last year, the Lumberjack Picnic yielded \$3,300 for the support of the five churches.

"I am not a religious fanatic," said heavy-set and gray-haired Mr. Wixom, who is around 70 years of age. "But when the lumbering industry disappeared, there were about five churches out in the country around Edenville that were left stranded without financial means. The people did not earn enough money to keep their churches going. I decided to help for I feel that if the churches closed there wouldn't be anything left to the community. The spiritual influence of the churches are absolutely needed today."

Mr. Wixom, who has traveled around with a circus for a quarter century, now owns a power company which generates electric current for the Edenville community. At first, he gave direct contributions to help support the churches, and then struck upon the Lumberjack Picnic idea. He said either plan cost him about the same amount of money, but the picnic also furnishes entertainment to the public and gives everyone a chance to do their bit for the cause.

There's no admission fee to the picnic grounds. Parking is free; there are no eye shows or paddle wheels, no concessions of any kind on the grounds and only a few in-



Above is Frank I. Wixom, Edenville power company operator and former circus owner, who stages an annual Lumberjack Picnic at Edenville to raise funds for the support of five rural churches in the neighborhood. The above picture was taken by a Daily Press photographer when Wixom came to Escanaba during the state fair to line up a number of log birlers to perform at his celebration.

nicious "rides" all outside the park. And there's no beer, for the venerable Frank Wixom ruled it out from the first, even before the people of Edenville township said with their ballots last spring that they didn't want any of it sold anywhere in the township.

Make Money on Meals

The Lumberjack Picnic's only source of revenue is from the serving of meals. Actual serving of the meals—there's supper as well as dinner—is handled by the women of the five nearby churches, whose slim treasuries annually are enriched from the picnic. These churches are Hope Baptist, United Brethren, Second, Dale and Billings.

Lumberjack memories of long past days were revived last Wednesday when thousands thronged the beautiful riverside park for the seventh annual renewal of Wixom's annual memorial to the rough-and-tumble generation of men who wielded ax, saw, heavy and canthook in the woods and rode the log booms on the river in the days when Pine was

Life to Cover Escanaba Roleo



Wallace Kirkland of Chicago has been assigned by Life magazine to cover the world's championship log rolling tournament at the Upper Peninsula State Fair. Walter Arntzen, local aviator, will fly his Stinson plane, accompanied by Nicholas J. Nicks, Munising, state fair director, to St. Ignace, and will return with Kirkland. The Life photographer has been covering an assignment for Life in Lower Michigan.

—Daily Press Photo

Kin

Former Governor William A. Comstock, once a lumberjack himself, was the principal speaker. He recently appointed Mr. Wixom, an old-time friend, as a committeeman of his newly organized Constitutional Democratic party.

Besides the log birlers, there were other lumberjack sports events. Loading crews competed to see which could pile the biggest load of logs on a lumberjack sled in the fastest time. A fleet of canoes were imported for the tilting contests. As darkness approached, the campgrounds were lighted and the old-time camp fiddle tunes and ballads were heard. The Michigan Lumberjack orchestra led by Henry S. Barcock of Alma entertained with songs and tunes, while old-time reciters told of early day experiences, embellished with Paul Bunyan yarns.

Pacific Coast Birlers Take Lead In Tournament;



WESTERNERS TALK IT OVER beneath Paul Bunyan's kindly smile. They are (left to right) Harley Foster of Aberdeen, Wash., who progressed into the semi-finals when he eliminated Joe Connor yesterday; Clivia Winters of Astoria, Ore., who ducked Arbutus Wilson to win a place in the finals against Mary Jean Malott, and Stewart H. Holbrook, author of lumberjack stories and a former Portland, Ore., resident.

—Daily Press Photos



LUMBERJILLS IN ACTION are shown above in the semi-final round of the women's world championship log rolling tournament yesterday. They are Mary Jean Malott (left) of Bloomer, Wis., and Marietta Phipps of Ladysmith, Wis. Mary Jean won the match and will meet Clivia Winters of Astoria, Ore., this afternoon in the final match for the championship.

BIRLIGIGS



An old time riverman dropped into the Press office this week and the conversation turned to some of the log drives on the Cananda River when they were in the off season.

He told a story about a couple of timberjacks who were working on the Cananda River. The foreman, they were "Timber" and "Springer". The foreman was on and the river was on a log drive. The foreman was on and the river was on a log drive. The foreman was on and the river was on a log drive.

The foreman was on and the river was on a log drive. The foreman was on and the river was on a log drive. The foreman was on and the river was on a log drive. The foreman was on and the river was on a log drive.

"Ay tenk ve headin' nodder faller au dar," said "Timber". "What do you mean by that?" asked "Springer". "Well, a nodder faller work," said "Timber".

"Where's Olson?" shouted the foreman.

"Ay tenk Olson quit," came the reply.

"Quit? Holy Old Mackinaw! where in hell did he go?"

"Well, Olson fell in river between logs about two hours ago."

"Ay tenk hey quit, ah yeh, came the simple but direct reply."

Stewart H. Holbrook, author of "Holy Old Mackinaw," sat at the timer's table Friday covering the races for the associated press. He will submit a story on birling to Collier's Weekly. Stewart informed me at the conclusion of the matches that he had not had such a thrill since his interview with Aime Semple McPherson when he was engaged in newspaper work on the Pacific Coast.

The old time rivermen spin some great yarns about the prowess of their old time log rollers in conversation with one of them yesterday, the discussion turned to trick and fancy birling, particularly block turning at which Bobbie Craig is so adept. He told me that he had seen several of the old timers do stunts on a large beer keg in the water.

Johnny Murray, Eau Claire, is the originator of block turning. Credit for first use of the wooden ball is given to William Delyea, one of greatest straight rollers to come out of the Middle West. Billy Girard, Sr. lays claim to the stunt of wriggling through a hoop on the log. Coasting on roller skates down an incline, which is balanced on the log, and turning in the air before striking the water, originated in the mind of Joe Stauber, of Marinette.

When I started writing this column a week ago, I had no intention of having it savor of Walter Winchell, but there's one item I feel I can't overlook. There's a certain young man whose theme song is "Where's Clivia?"

The Ladysmith lumberjills, Marietta Phipps and Arbutus Wilson, and Clivia Winters will appear at the eighth annual Lumberjack Festival, August 24th at Edenville, Michigan. The festival is sponsored annually by Frank

BIRLIGIGS



BY GEO. T. SPRINGER

Jim Andrews, tournament manager, and Joe Connor, the champion, spent the greater part of yesterday afternoon at the Fair grounds where a

thorough inspection was made of the logs to be used in the tournament. The three cylinders are cork white pine and lathe turned. Before birling rules were standardized and contests were held by the rivermen, any old log judged sufficiently sporty



Springer

was used for all matches alike. Cork white pine logs are preferred because of their buoyancy and because they do not splinter.

Mary Jean Malott, the Bloomer, Wisconsin, girl took a warm-up spin yesterday afternoon before a dozen or more of the men birlers and she impressed them very favorably with her "anubling" and "cutting" of the log. Mary Jean, although only eighteen years old, is a veteran. She has been birling for twelve years. In falling off the log I noticed that she uses the fall used by exhibitionists who perform in a tank, the bottom of which is covered by a canvas. In a canvas bottomed tank the sharp calks perforate it and leaks are caused. Mary Jean is under contract to appear at the Wisconsin State Fair in Milwaukee soon.

Billy Girard, Sr., world's champion in 1926, and his four sons will have competition for the first time as the only father and sons entered in the tournament. This year from Marquette, Michigan, Edward Ogle and his three sons have entered. The senior Ogle is 47 years old and is an old riverman. He drove the Flambeau and Yellow rivers in Wisconsin and the Manistique in Michigan. His father was the late William Ogle, of Stanley, Wisconsin, a lumberman and logger.

Oratory plays a part in the national pastime of base ball but in the old lumberjack sport of birling as carried on today it probably plays little or no part as the contestants when on the log settle down to the business of dunking their opponents. The old rivermen were known to have hurled epithets at each other which would make the verbiage of a mule skinner tame in comparison. Stanley Ogle, of Green Bay, Wis., formerly of Marquette, Michigan, is entered in the tournament. Stanley's fame as an orator is widespread in the Upper Peninsula but never in connection with birling. At Marquette, in his first year, he won second place in the district declamatory contests. In his second year he won first place and the third year took first place in oratory.

Bobby Ogle, Marquette, is the youngest birler entered in the tournament. He is fifteen and an apt pupil under the tutelage of his father.

Peter Hume, Marquette, is the grandson of the late Robert Hume, pioneer Marquette resident and caretaker at Presque Isle.

Kendrick Kimball, feature writer and photographer for the Detroit News, is here to cover the race. Kendrick used to be star pitcher on the University of Michigan baseball team.

The logs used in competition this year are plenty fast. Out of sixteen contests yesterday only two

of the matches went to the fast log. The Pacific coast birlers do their rolling on fir logs.

Wilbur Marx, Eau Claire, Wis., is a master strategist on the timber. He goes about his task in a methodical manner and knows every trick of the game. Wilbur won the world's championship when he was a youngster of 17 and held it for ten years. When "calks" are exchanged anywhere among the birling fans, his name is always mentioned as one of the immortals of the sport. In the Middle West he is often mentioned as a champion of champions. Coupled with all this Wilbur is a thorough sportsman.

A contingency arose yesterday afternoon which was the first occurrence of its kind ever witnessed by the referee, Charles Sheridan, and the first time he was ever obliged to rule on the matter. So far as "Chick" knows there has never been any rule in the Middle West on such a contingency. Sheridan said after the matches that common sense and fairness dictates, that if a birler is able to regain his footing on the log before the major portion of his body is immersed that it cannot be said that his opponent has given him a "wetting," which is the word used in birling to designate a fall. Lowell Girard straddled the log, with his feet hanging in the water, but was able to jump back on his feet before Elmer Swanson could completely "wet" him by turning him into the pool. Surely, such quick thinking and quick acting is the very essence of birling and it would be unsportsmanlike to rule that Girard's opponent had given him a "wetting."

Pupils Give Teachers Lessons On Spinning Logs



WHITE WATER CHURNED as Jimmie Herron of Kelso, Wash., ducked Lowell Girard of Gladstone in the third round of the birling tourney at the fairgrounds yesterday. By his victory on the white pine log, Herron became one of the trio of West Coast birlers to reach the semi-final round of the contests which will be rolled this afternoon.



TEACHERS TOOK A LESSON at the art of cutting and snubbing the smooth pine logs yesterday afternoon, providing a pair of startling upsets. Jim Running (left), ducked his teacher Wilbur Marx, who had held the world's championship title for the 10 years preceding last year's tourney when he lost to Joe Connor. Marx taught Running the fine points of birling at their home town, Eau Claire, Wis. William Girard Sr., of Gladstone was eliminated by his son, Adolph in the second round yesterday. Like Marx, little "Billy" Girard is also a former world's champion. Both teachers are shown above as they congratulated their pupils.

—Daily Press Photos

BIRLIGIGS



BY GEO. T. SPRINGER

On page 107 of "Holy Old Mackinaw" by Stewart H. Holbrook, in commenting on lumberjack songs in the Middle West, the author mentions a song about the Swede at the Big State Fair. While writing the book Mr. Holbrook made an extensive search for all the words to it but with no success. For the benefit of the many purchasers of copies of "Holy Old Mackinaw," while Mr. Holbrook was here and for the readers of this column, all the words are given. They should be sung to the tune of "Rachel and Ruben."

Ay ban Sveto from Nort Dakota,
Vork on farm 'bout von year,
Ay ban goin' tu Mannasota,
Yust tu luke on da beeg State Fair.

Gat mey ticket, gat mey bottle,
Dress all op, luke aut of sight,
Yump me on a Yim Hill vason,
Feel so gude ay lak tu fight.

Next morning ay ban vake op,
Fallen him say ban near Sant Paul,
Ay stol tal von ay gat headache,
Ay ban drenk dat alcobol.

Valk roun' street in Sant Paul,
Ant seen Svodemans anythere,
Yump on street car go to Minnap-
lis,

Ju bat planty Svodemans dar.

Valkin' roun' in Sout Minnaplis,
Go hey Stockholm luke for fun,
Har ay find von nice big Sveto
girl,
She slap mey back say, "Gude dag
Swan!"

Ay turn roun' en feel so funny,
Naver seen dis girl ay tank,
Ay ban foxy say, "Hello, Tillie,
Von't ju come en hor en drenk."

Ve tank drenk en feel so yolly,
En begit tu dancie en song,
En ay skol say to all Sveto fallers,
Ay skol pay for huldiam teng.

Tillie say ay ben gude faller,
Lukin' mighty gude tu her,
She say, "Swan, come on ay show
yu
Bast time aver did occur."

Riding op in nice blue vagon,
Tu da city yudge tu see,
He say, "Swan, ten days, ten
dollars
Cause ju ban on awful spree."

Lumberjill Winner and Runner-Up



The lumberjill contest was one of the most popular of the day. The winner, Mary Jean Malott, of Bloomer, Wis., earned her place in the final match by wetting Arbutus Wilson, also of Bloomer, Wis.

—Daily Press Photo

Logger Champ Rests His Spikes



Jimmie Herron, of Kelso, Wash., the boom man who cuffed and snubbed his way to being the world's champion, took to the log after the contest. He is seen here resting his spikes on a log after the contest. He is seen here resting his spikes on a log after the contest. He is seen here resting his spikes on a log after the contest.

—Daily Press Photo

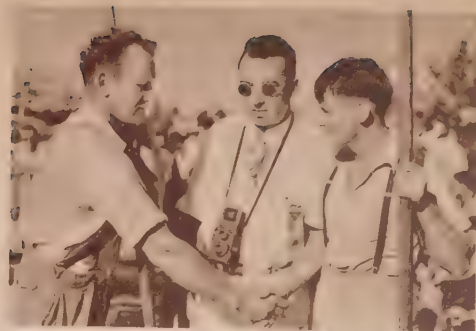
WOMEN'S CHAMP 'DUNKS' BIRLING OPPONENT



Here's husky Mary Jean Malott winning the women's title at the national birling championships at Escanaba, Mich., by "dunking" Gilvin Winters, of Astoria, Ore., in the finals. Miss Malott is from Bloomer, Wis.



2. Herron, left, and Foster tread carefully, each watching the other closely for an advantage.



1. Harley Foster, of Kelso, Wash., and Jimmy Herron, also of Kelso, are instructed by the referee, Tom Sheridan, of Washburn, Wis., as they begin the final bout.



Mary Jean Malott, of Bloomer, Wis., left, and Sylvia Winters, of Astoria, Ore., start the final bout of the women's log rolling championship. Miss Malott won.



5. Jimmy Herron, the new world's champion log roller, displays his trophy.

The Detroit News Pictorial for August 28, 1938

New Log Rolling Champs



3. Still jockeying for a "break," Herron and Foster start the log spinning at a more rapid pace. Each carefully watches the other's feet.

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6. The bout finished, Herron and Foster toss Referee Sheridan into the tank.

The Detroit News Pictorial for August 28, 1938

Are Hailed at Escanaba



4. Foster, left, loses his balance and slips from the spinning log into the tank. This is the second "fall" and the title goes to Herron.



After climbing
the Washington
Inland out.

Fenced In

By R. Remlow Harris

Cats on the Logs

By Stewart H. Holbrook

Each year, at Escanaba, Michigan, the old-timers come out of the woods to ride flashing sticks of timber in a swirl of white water. They roll for cash, for cups, but mostly just for the fun of it, and a true American sport is coming back



Joe Connor of Minnesota, 1937 champion, loses a fall to Harley Foster of Washington

A SHORT and powerfully built man got up off the log and walked to the edge of the big tank. "When I was more young," he said, and he snapped a pair of galluses that were two inches across the straps, "when I was more young, dey could t'row hunk yellor soap into de water and I was ride de bubble to shore."

The closely packed crowd around three sides of the tank of water went wild, clapping and yelling, mostly yelling. It was the kind of noise five hundred lumberjacks make at a log-birling whoopee.

From three thousand other folks, high in the grandstand, came a ripple of applause but no cheering. They didn't know who the short man in the bright red shirt was. The mob around the tank did, for they were the boys, and a few girls, who savvy log-birling, the true jitterbugs of the one authentic American sport.

A man at the microphone near the tank was talking: "In the red shirt—old Billy Beauregard, one-time champion of the Wisconsin rivers." The mob around the tank yelled again.

"In the gray shirt," went on the announcer, "is

Jimmie Running of Eau Claire, rolling in his first tournament." The crowd gave Jimmie a hand.

Old Billy and young Jimmie shook hands quickly and both stepped aboard a log floating in the tank. It was a white pine log, thirteen feet long, eighteen inches in diameter. Light as a cork, it rode three quarters of its thickness out of water until the two men stepped on; then it sank until about half of it showed.

The referee gave the log a slight push into the pond. "Time in," he shouted. The men on the log eyed each other's feet.

Anyone could tell, from his lined copper features, that old Billy Beauregard was an Indian and an old-timer. Pure Ojibway, Billy had driven logs down many streams in his forty-four years, which is a long time to drive logs and still be alive. His heavy boots

came halfway to his knees and had sharp spikes—"corks"—of steel in the soles and heels. His overall pants were staged off just below the knee.

Most of the crowd was for Billy, but nobody laid any money on him. Jimmie Running, five feet seven inches, 140 pounds, looked like a birler the moment he stepped out onto the log. Besides, Jimmie was seventeen years old.

Old Billy took the offensive. With the sharp spurs in his soles digging into the soft wood, he gave the slim log a few fast turns, then snubbed it—bringing it to a sudden stop in an effort to tip young Jimmie off.

Jimmie batted not an eyelash. Keeping his eyes on Billy's feet, Jimmie rode the log like a bobbing feather. Again, Billy walked hard and fast on the log, then snubbed it in a flash and reversed his footwork. He stopped for breath, panting. If you are forty-four years old and ride a log that fast for a minute and a half, you are likely to be panting, too.

The young lad in the gray shirt saw his chance and took it. He put the log into a whirl that churned the water white like a turbine, while old Billy's heavy legs traveled fast to keep up. They couldn't quite keep up. Over backward went the Indian, splashing water over the tank-side crowd.

"First fall to Jimmie Running," the announcer said. "Time, one minute, fifty-two seconds. . . They will roll next on the Number Two log."

It's a Game for Youth

Roustabouts hauled the log out of the water and rolled in the Number Two log, this one slimmer than the first by one inch. One inch is a lot of difference when you are trying to stand on a moving stick in the water.

"Time in," yelled the referee. The youngster did no waiting this time. Digging his calks into the thin stick of timber, he soon had it turning so fast you couldn't count, and the log was now wholly under water.

Tankriders yelled encouragement to old Billy but encouragement can't keep a man upright on a spinning seventeen-inch log. In fifteen seconds old Billy and his red shirt and heavy boots and wide galluses were in the water.

It put Billy out of the running for the title and cash that go each year to "best man" in the world's championship log-birling (Continued on page 46)

A former titleholder, Indian Billy Beauregard, holds his nose as Jimmie Running rolls him over, under, and out of the 1938 meel



Cats on the Logs

Continued from page 18

contest staged in August at Escanaba, Michigan, up near the top of Lake Michigan.

They come from all over the country to roll at Escanaba, an old-time lumber town that is capitalizing on a sport that had nearly died. The lad who tops the crowd of birlers at Escanaba is the recognized champ of the entire country for twelve months. They call him "King of the White Water."

The log birling consists basically of two men, and a log in the water. They have no equipment save calked boots. With these for purchase, they roll (cuff) a log as they choose, and stop (snub) it when they can. There are a few simple rules that are rigidly kept but one doesn't need to know the rules to understand and to thrill at the sport. The guy who gets wet is the loser.

No one knows where or when log-birling started, but it was probably in Maine some two hundred years ago. In those days white pine logs were floated down the Androscoggin, the Kennebec and the Penobscot to the sawmills. But they wouldn't float down by themselves. It took men to keep them moving.

These fellows had to be light and quick as cats, for driving was done in spring—when rivers were raging full of icy water. With pike pole and cant dog the drivers labored like devils, breaking the log jams that occurred at every bend of the stream and riding the millions of feet of timber down to the mills at Augusta and Bangor. . . . A real catty man on a log was known as a Bangor Tiger.

It was a cheap, quick way to get logs to the mills. It lasted until the Maine timber was gone, and the same system was used when the jacks logged off the Lake States. It followed them on to the Pacific Northwest.

Birling grew out of this river driving and the lumberjacks' endless restlessness. It wasn't enough to drive logs for a hundred miles and more down the Penobscot, the Saginaw, the Chippewa and other rivers. When the logs were safe in the big booms at Oldtown or Bay

City or Eau Claire, the red-shirted boys would take a day off to see who could stand longest on a spinning log.

Saloonkeepers often aided the sport by putting up a barrel of whisky for a prize. There wasn't much an old-time lumberjack wouldn't do for a barrel of hard drinking liquor and, besides, it didn't matter much who won the contest; all would share in the prize.

Formalizing the sport started in 1898 when a lumbermen's convention was held at the big Omaha fair. Lumberjacks were brought on to birl, and Johnny Murray of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, won the title. For the next few years something approaching championship contests were held in Eau Claire, and Ashland, in the same state. It was in Ashland, in 1901, where the greatest contest on record, a veritable Sullivan-Kilrain battle of the logs, took place.

Where Tradition Lived

Tom Oliver—still a great name in the woods—and Jim Stewart birlled six hours the first day and five hours the second, before Oliver fell exhausted into the water. It was the classic battle that old-timers still recall around bunkhouse stoves back in the timber.

For the next thirty-odd years the sport had its revivals and lapses, with halfhearted attempts to bring about a tournament of national scope. None of the attempts clicked. Steam railways had largely done away with rivers for transporting logs. The lumberjacks, too, had changed. They had taken to running around in automobiles and to smoking cigarettes, either item considered a sign of degeneracy by old-timers. These young punks just didn't care about log birling.

Escanaba, Michigan, was once a hell-whopping sawmill town, with plank sidewalks, rows of saloons, and sawmills that whined all day and all night. Every spring Escanaba leaped to sudden life when the drive came down and the city filled with howling, fighting men who had spent all winter in remote camps

and all spring risked their lives to bring the logs to the mills.

So the lumber tradition never quite died in Escanaba, even when its lumberjacks moved on west, over the hump, to new timber. . . . Bill Duchaine, managing editor of the local daily paper, who used to play on log ponds as a kid, and George T. Springer of near-by Gladstone, another old lumber town, got an idea of reviving the dying sport.

Springer and Duchaine, aided and abetted by up-and-coming businessmen of Escanaba, staged in 1937 what came the nearest to being a national tournament of birlers held in the past forty years. Substantial prizes were offered, and Duchaine worked overtime for the love of it, putting on a mighty ballyhoo, writing publicity stories for the press and sending personal letters to lumberjacks all over the country, many of whom were surprised and alarmed to get a letter in the mail.

The tournament brought loggers who had never been outside their native Maine and Minnesota. Michigan and Wisconsin sent a raft of them, and from the Far West came loggers of Idaho, Washington and Oregon.

The contest ran for three days and vowed an audience made up for the most part of people who had never seen two men on a fast log. They liked it. Tough part of it, from the viewpoint of the lumberjacks, was that the title and the big money went, of all things, to a college boy—Joe Connor of Cloquet, Minnesota, senior at the University of Minnesota.

Now, there aren't many practicing lumberjacks left this side of the Rockies, and those who are are mostly old-timers—like Billy Bearegard—aged men so far as the tough sport of birling is concerned. But these old-timers swore, by the Holy Old Mackinaw, that no college boy, not even one from the grand old lumber town of Cloquet, should be a world's champ birler for long.

Last summer the old-timers, and a few younger loggers, turned out with blood

Pioneer Tells Early 'Rationing' Food Dried Before Can Era

CATHLAMET, March 11. — What did American women do before canning became so popular? Rationing has brought so much discussion of foods and women everywhere are questioning, "What will we eat?" A pioneer woman, Mrs. Nancy Blair, 84, who came into the wilds of Wahkiakum county 62 years ago, told what she did without canned things.

"We dried them," she answered promptly. "We dried everything, beans, corn, pumpkins, apples, everything we raised. Why, I can remember the first cans we had. They were tin and we fastened the tops on with red sealing wax."

"Rationing ought not to bother any woman now. It didn't bother

the pioneer women. Necessity rationed us."

Wahkiakum county was truly isolated when Mrs. Blair came, and the west end in which she settled was even more isolated than the eastern part, as it is off the main channel of the Columbia, almost 10 miles from Astoria. The only contact with the outside world was by sailboat twice a week to Astoria. There was no road through Wahkiakum county until 1930 and in the '80s the roads from farm to the landing were mere trails.

In the upper part of the Grays River valley Mrs. Blair and her husband established their home and reared five children and in the 17 years of their residence there during the birth of the children and their early years a doctor was never in attendance.

in their eye. Billy Girard, forty-seven, put on his old red sash and came in from the woods back of Gladstone, Michigan, bringing his four birling sons with him.

Billy Beauregard packed his wrinkled calked boots and struck out from the Odanah Reservation in Wisconsin. "My leg was pretty stiff," he said, "but, by gar, I try for roll dat coll-egg boy." From far-off Aberdeen, Washington, came Harley Foster, a log-pond man with pitch in his hair and sawdust down his shirt. And Longview, Washington, probably the biggest of present-day sawmill towns, sent a delegation. Others came from Minnesota towns, and drifters blew in who had driven the Kennebec, down East.

The lumberjills were not overlooked. A total of \$200 in money, plus pretty silver cups, was announced for the girls, and blond Cilvia Winters of Astoria, Oregon, jumped a train with her calked shoes and a bathing suit in her grip. Big, good-natured Mary Jean Mallott, backwoods girl from near Bloomer, Wisconsin, came in a car. Ladysmith, Wisconsin, was represented by Arbutus Wison and the diminutive Marietta Phipps, 94 pounds tankside.

The Ladies Fight It Out

Old-timers around the birling tank said the tournament was the fastest they had ever seen. I've seen over a hundred of them myself, both formal and otherwise, both East and West, and I agree with the old-timers. West and I agree with the fastest rolling I had ever seen.

They birlled for two afternoons and evenings, one pair after the other. Those light "cork pine" logs were too fast for the old-timers. Peeled off all bark and riding high, they whirled like the mill-tail of hell. Wilbur Marx, for a full decade rated the best birler in the Lake States—but now thirty years old—went down before Jimmie Running, seventeen, the same who gave old Billy Beauregard a wetting. Irony was the fact that Marx had taught the kid all he knew about the art.

And old Billy Girard birlled fast, too.

but forty-seven-year-old legs can't take it for long. Girard went down early. When the elimination rounds were over, four men, all under thirty, were found to be contenders for the title.

Before the main bouts were run off the two top-ranking girls were matched. Cilvia Winters and Mary Jean Mallott put up a battle that isn't seen every day. Big-boned and husky, with powerful legs, Mary Jean looked awkward and off-balance beside the slim and trim Cilvia. But old-timers weren't impressed by trimness. . . .

Graceful and quick as any cat, Cilvia took the big girl for a fall in thirty-two seconds. It takes two falls to win a round and these girls weren't stumblebums who could be thrown from an eighteen-inch log very often. Using the same eighteen-incher, they rolled two three-minute rounds without a wetting.

Now, they moved to the second log, the seventeen-incher. Big Mary cuffed it twice, snubbed it. Dunk went Cilvia, and it was fall and fall.

While the crowd went plain crazy, the girls mounted the seventeen-inch stick again. No wetting this time. They rolled the limit and both were dry at the end.

Not before had anyone in the tank-side crowd of experts seen two girls roll themselves through to the Number Three log. This is a stick only sixteen inches in diameter and is called The Toothpick—the fastest log that two persons of average weight can stand on, to say nothing of standing and rolling.

Neither girls nor men can stand long on a sixteen-inch log that is turning rapidly. The Astoria girl went down in six seconds of spectacular rolling, and Mary Jean giggled all over as she was taken in front of the mike and presented with a cup that said she was the girl champ log birler of the world.

The grandstand enjoyed the girls, but the tanned, fly-bitten lads close around the tank were waiting to see how Joe Connor, the Minnesota college boy, would make out against Harley Foster, the twenty-nine-year-old and 185-pound logger from Aberdeen, Washington.

Barefoot Charlie Hasse, who had

worn neither socks nor shoes for thirty Wisconsin summers and winters, stood up to say he had five bucks to lay on the logger. Somebody covered the bet.

The Number One log was too slow for these experts but on Number Two log Foster dunked Connor in eight seconds; again in two minutes, forty seconds. . . . The yelling sections were about equally divided. They cheered for Foster because he was a genuine logger and had won, and they cheered Connor because he was a swell guy and a good loser.

It was now all over except for the final match. Jimmie Herron, lumberjack employed at the great Long-Bell mills, Longview, Washington, had rolled all his competitors into the tank and was to meet Foster.

"Foster against Herron for the world's championship," the loud-speaker said. "The big guy is Foster. Herron is wearing the old yellow pants."

A Thrill A Second

Neither the Number One nor Number Two logs meant anything in the life of these two tigers. "I done housekeeping on logs smaller than this-a one," Foster remarked about the eighteen-incher. At the end of six minutes both men were dry as tinder. Ready hands rolled the Number Three toothpick into the tank.

No fooling with this log; you ride a sixteen-incher high and handsome, or down you go quick.

It was sixteen seconds of as furious sport as a man will see on land or water. Bounding like a small boat in a hurricane, the log was up, then down, and two men, tense but riding as though they were parts of the stick, ran faster than squirrels in a cage. Slim and tough Jimmie Herron suddenly leaped into the air, doing a complete about-face, and came down running in the opposite direction to snub the log lead. Over and down went Foster—and the yelling would have started even a football linesman.

No waiting between rounds. Foster shook the water from him like a terrier and leaped to the log, Herron close behind. Time was in again.

Carrying the fight, Foster put on some rolling the eye could hardly follow. Nobody in the crowd was sitting down any more. The mob was up, tense, screaming incoherent lumberjack cries. Herron rode the spurt out and brought the log to a stop. Foster was panting hard. And now Herron prepared for the knockout. He went into a cuffing that put the slim log wholly under water and kept it there. Foster tipped backward, the mob yelled again and yelled louder when Foster recovered. His face set and grim. Herron snubbed, cuffed, snubbed, cuffed, every time rocking Foster from end to end. Trained eyes saw what was coming and a mighty yell went up for Herron. An instant later Foster went down and out of sight in the tank. While the pond still rippled from the splash, Herron turned a full cartwheel on the bobbing stick, then leaped to shore.

Jimmie Herron, age twenty-five, ten years a logger on the Columbia River, 5 feet 6½ inches, 160 pounds, all hard muscle, had become the world's champ log birler, until next August, anyway.

That night, in a beer joint on Escanaba's main drag, Jimmie Herron set 'em up for everybody who came in. Between beers Barefoot Charlie announced he had walked 48,000 miles on his naked hide. Elmer Swanson said it was a long way out to Hood Canal in Washington and that he guessed he'd be getting along. It was quite a gala evening. Billy Girard stood on top of a table and sang all forty-two verses of the lumberjacks' one classic ballad, The Jam on Garry's Rock, and all hands wept into their beer.



ALL PART OF THE DAY'S WORK. Flora Chan, giving the injection, looks more tense about it than her "patient" classmate, Lois Hoogbruun. Sterile normal saline is used in the hypodermic. (Below) **ONE OF THE EARLY STEPS** in a nurse's training is accuracy in handling medicines. Lucile Starr pours medicine for an imaginary patient.



MR. AND MRS. PETER RAASINA
DELICIOUS THURSDAY
 delightful miscellaneous shower
 held at the Olive Grange
 evening honoring Mr. and
 Raasina on their recent
 trip to Europe. The affair
 was a most successful one
 and the guests enjoyed the
 buffet style from a table
 centered with a large white
 bride's cake.
 Guests participating were
 Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Bengtson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Huvala, Mr. and Mrs. Arvid Simonson, Mr. and Mrs. E. Haikura, Mrs. John Wanila, Mr. and Robert Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Larson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Raasina, Robert Bunala, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Simonson, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Bengtson, Mr. and Mrs. F. Bleh, Mr. and Mrs. George Webb, Mr. and Mrs. P. Mustonen, Mr. and Mrs. H. Sheets, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Larson, Miss Behnke, Casey Mustonen, Gertrude Haikura, Miss Cleopatra Blah, Ed Ryan, Mary Sheets, Miss Janet Peterson, Miss Esther Raasina, Walter Brown, Walter Bunala, Waino Simonson, Arvid Simonson, Bill Simonson, Fred Simonson, Miss Wilma Simonson and Miss Lempi Simonson.
 Hostesses for the affair were Miss Shirley Behnke, Miss Lempi Simonson, Mrs. Wayne Tolonen and Mrs. Henry Simonson.



To Whomsoever This Order Comes Greetings!

According to General Order 1939, issued by Frank Branch Riley, Admiral of the Fleet of the 28th Annual Astoria Regatta, you are appointed member of the crew of the 28th Annual Regatta, and pursuant to that order, you are hereby invited to report for active duty at Astoria, Oregon, 8 bells on the morn' of 30 August, 1939 in Latitude 46° 11' North, Longitude 123° 50' West to view the Astoria Regatta and have fun.

The Astoria Regatta is a unique water and land show. It provides many a thrill for laymen, sailors and power boat enthusiasts and the four full days of entertainment will leave you with haunting memories of beauties and thrills on the Old Columbia.

Issued On Order of "GO NAUTICAL IN ASTORIA"
Admiral Riley By The Astoria Regatta Association Astoria, Oregon



ALL PART OF THE DAY'S WORK. Flora Chan, giving the injection, looks more tense about it than her "patient" classmate, Lois Hoogbruin. Sterile normal saline is used in the hypodermic. (Below) **ONE OF THE EARLY STEPS** in a nurse's training is accuracy in handling medicines. Lucile Starr pours medicine for an imaginary patient.

MR AND MRS PETER RAASINA
PLUMBING - THURSDAY
A delightful miscellaneous shower
held at the Olney
Thursday evening honoring Mr and
Mrs Raasina on their recent
wedding was enjoyed during
the evening and refreshments
were served buffet style from a table
centered with a large white
linen's cake.
Guests participating in the affair
were Mr and Mrs. E. Simonson Mr
and Mrs. Wayne Tolonen, Mr. and
Mrs. Arvid Simonson, Mr. and Mrs. Arvi
Simonson, Mr. and Mrs. E. Hakura,
John Varila, Mr. and
Mrs. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs.
E. Spieser, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Lar-
son, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Raasina,
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Humala, Mr.
and Mrs. Henry Simonson, Mr. and
Mrs. E. J. N. and Mrs.
E. Webb,
Mr. and Mrs. E. J. N. and Mrs. Ed
Larson, Miss
Behnke, Casey Mustonen,
Josephine Hakura, M. J.
Winters, Robert Blair, Ed Ry-
d, Beverly Sheets, Miss Janet
Sheets, Miss Esther Raasina, Wal-
ter Brown, Walter Humala, Walno
Simonson, Arvid Simonson, Bill Si-
monson, Fred Simonson, Miss Wilma
Simonson and Miss Lempi Simon-
son.
Hostesses for the affair were Miss
Shirley Behnke, Miss Lempi Simon-
son, M. Wayne Tolonen and Mrs.
Henry Simonson.

New X-Ray Equipment In Use



Joe Denner, Brownsmead's amateur horse doctor, who was kicked by his steed during treating of a leg injury, is shown above being X-rayed by St. Mary's new equipment, an \$5,000 volt Diadex mobile bedside unit. Left to right, Joe and his injured right leg, Mrs. Grace Hartley, secretary; Dr. Paul O. Meyer, Roentgenologist, Miss Violet Anderson, senior nurse; and Sister Mary Lillian, technician.

St. Marys Hospital Gets New X-Ray

Both Astoria hospitals are now equipped with portable X-ray units.

The hospital today announced the installation of an \$5,000-volt bedside X-ray machine.

Why this equipment is needed in up-to-date hospitalization is explained in the following statement prepared by St. Mary's hospital.

"The addition of this bedside X-ray unit to the diagnostic facilities of St. Mary's hospital is an evidence that it is incumbent on any institution to keep pace with the rapid progress in medical science in collaboration with modern engineering and up-to-date hospitalization, in a united effort to bring comfort and competent treatment to the patients in its local vicinity and surrounding districts.

"The Diadex Mobile Bedside X-Ray unit is a splendidly balanced modern design purchased directly from the Westinghouse X-Ray company, Long Island City, New York.

This unit is equipped with facilities to do any type of radiographic and fluoroscopic work at the bedside with a minimum of discomfort to the patient.

It is a shock-proof machine; a feature that is very comforting to a weak, nervous patient and also ensuring to the roentgenologist or technician that the patient will maintain the correct position.

"An outstanding feature of this bedside unit is the flexibility of its collapsible tube stand which permits the tube to travel high enough to permit exposures at today's rather long target film distance and to drop low enough when a non-ambulant patient is to be fluoroscoped.

"Many former hospital patients are, I dare say, still haunted by the very unpleasant memories of being lifted from a comfortable bed on to a very uncomfortable stretcher and of being wheeled through long corridors to an elevator, where they were breathlessly lifted up many stories to the X-ray department, and there, transferred to the X-ray table for a picture and then the same doleful procedure to return. The new portable X-ray removes all this inconvenience to the very ill patient without any extra charge other than the regular picture taken in the X-ray department.

"It is another step forward in the field of hospital administration to assure the public that hospital executives, in cooperation with the medical profession and other health workers, are constantly looking for better ways of caring for the patient and of making them available as soon as they can financially do

Astoria Champions With Couches Nos. 1 And 2



A week ago Astoria honored four hometown products who played basketball for the University of Oregon basketball team, giving the quartet of stars gold wrist watches as tokens of admiration. Both Coaches Howard Hobson, their college mentor and John Warren, who coached them through high school and as freshmen, spoke at the banquet served up for the kids at the Astoria hotel. From left, back row—Wally Johansen, Captain Bobby Anet, Earl Sandness and Ted Sarpola. Front row, from left—Howard "Hobby" Hobson and "Honest" John Warren.

Couple Wed In Morning Ceremony

Miss Monica Lauc Bride
Of Mr. Kauno Wirkkala
At Blessed Sacrament Church

At a pretty morning ceremony of April 16, Miss Monica Lauc, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Lauc, became the bride of Mr. Kauno Wirkkala, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wirkkala, at Blessed Sacrament church. The Rev. J. M. O'Farrell read the service.

The bride, given in marriage by her father, was gownned in white slipper satin with a train and her finger-tip veil was arranged in a halo cap of seed pearls and orange blossoms. She carried a bridal bouquet of Talisman roses, bouvardia and gardenias. Miss Catherine Lauc, her sister's maid of honor, had a powder-blue chiffon frock and carried pink roses and sweet peas. The bridesmaids, the Misses Stella Lauc, Mildred Miretick and Margaret Beyer, wore similar frocks of pink, peach and aqua chiffon and carried matching bouquets.

Mr. Andrew Grbavac was best man and ushers were Messrs. George Lauc, Carlo Herrala and William Adams.

After a wedding breakfast for the bridal party and the two families, a large reception was held at the home of the bride's parents. Miss Ann Stephano served the wedding cake and assisting were the Misses Dorothy, Betty and Helen Miretick, Patricia Vukich of Los Angeles and Jennie Beyer of Aberdeen, Wash., and Mesdames Robert Conchuratt, Marion Logan and Collins Herrala.

For going away the bride wore a tailored suit of powder blue wool with white georgette blouse and patent leather accessories. Her corsage was of gardenias.

Mr. and Mrs. Wirkkala have gone to San Francisco where they will reside.

Mrs. K. Winters Feted At Shower Last Evening

Mrs. Dan Thiel, Miss Sylvia Hostikka and Miss Sylvia Niemi entertained last evening at the residence of Miss Niemi honoring Mrs. Kauno Winters, nee Mrs. Ethel Stienberger, whose marriage in January was revealed recently.

Bridge and Chinese checkers were the diversions of the evening with prizes received by Miss Aini Thilia, Mrs. Howard Lonberg and Mrs. James Holmes.

Mrs. Winters was presented with a lovely guest gift and later refreshments were served from a table appointed by spring flowers and flanked with tall tapers in pastel shades circling the centerpiece.

Guests bidden were Mrs. Holger Kvendahl, Mrs. Howard Lonberg, Mrs. Axel Englund, Mrs. Harold Johnson, Mrs. Wayne Bengtla, Mrs. Eugene Winters, Mrs. George Oja, Mrs. Robert Taylor, Mrs. Frank Meyers, Mrs. James Holmes, Mrs. A. S. Page, Mrs. Eugene Lundberg, Miss Aini Thilia, Miss Clivia Winters, Miss Elsie Kessler, Miss Pat Kruckman, Miss Irene Bewersdorf, Miss Ann Cosovich, Miss Dorothy Luoma, Miss Mary Anderson and Mrs. Kauno Winters.



IN MORNING RITE

Mrs. Kauno Wirkkala (Monica Lauc), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Lauc, bride of April 16 at 10:30 a. m. at Blessed Sacrament church. The couple will live in San Francisco.

—Gladys Gilbert



Miss Margaret Malone, bride of Mr. Mackey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Mackey, at 11:30 o'clock in the parsonage with Father reading the service.

Said Today

At a simple candlelight ceremony today, Miss Margaret Malone became the bride of H. Mackey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Mackey, at 11:30 o'clock in the parsonage with Father reading the service.

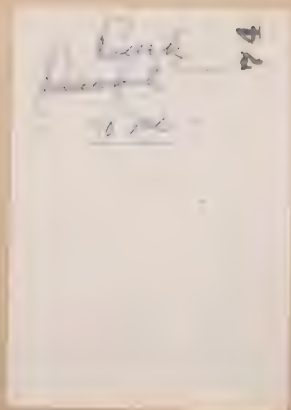
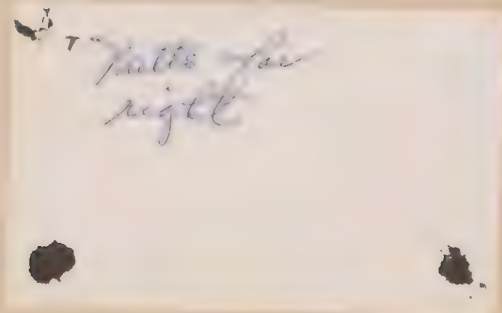
The bride wore a beautiful suit trimmed with brown accessories and gardenias. At the wedding, the ceremony was given at the home of the bride's aunt and uncle, W. Malone. The reception was held at the home of the bride's aunt and uncle, W. Malone. The reception was held at the home of the bride's aunt and uncle, W. Malone.

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William Adams 1840
John Williams 1840
Margaret Adams 1840

1840





*Last year
forgot. Buckle*



She + Linda 200

March 17, 1937

Winston Duke
Log Book

IN THE HILL - HILL - HILL - HILL
BALL MADE BY THE HILL - HILL - HILL
IN 1935 - TURNER COLUMBIA

COLUMBIA HILL - HILL - HILL - HILL
"DUICK"

200

100

Scandinavia

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Uncle Ike 24

TVIKER GREEK

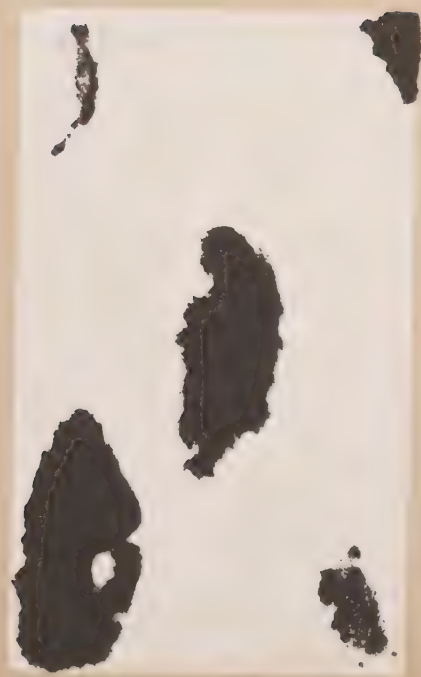
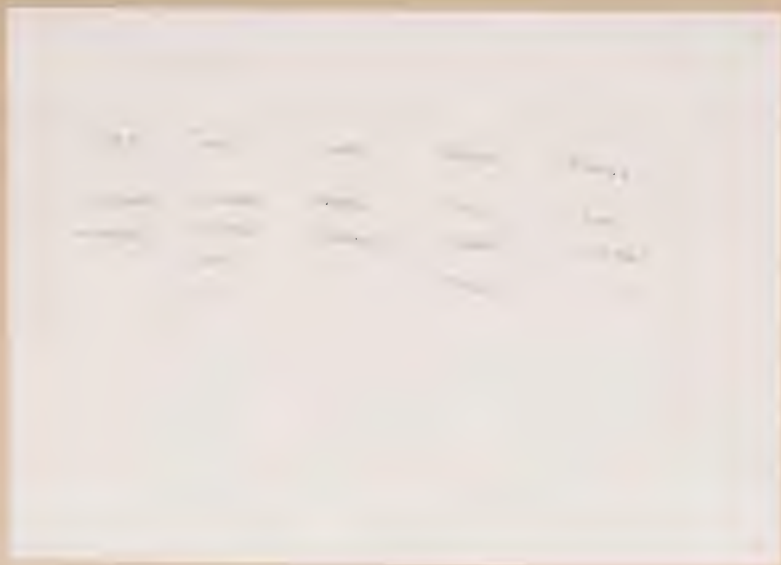
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Unit	BSM	BSM	BSM
1	BSM	BSM	BSM
2	BSM	BSM	BSM
3	BSM	BSM	BSM
4	BSM	BSM	BSM
5	BSM	BSM	BSM
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W. A. G. Photo
K. A. G. Photo



Calvin

Ernest

Walter

Theresa Miller

Theresa Miller
A. C. M. Co.



6

mom
John

John
Simonsen

Kate

1991

AC 1

W. H. H.

2.
(2 PAPER)

CALU/A

W. H. H.

(PUNT)

W. H. H.

(MIEC)

7-11-1911



KAUNO
WINTERLS

"NUTTS")

(H.S. GRADUATION?)

ASTORIA HIGH SCHOOL



The Wilson Studio, Astoria, Ore.



OLVIA WINTERS 15 4th FR LEFT, BACK ROW

Arthur L. Chan Studio
1228 Duane St. - Astoria, Ore.
FA 5-1570

St. Mary's Hosp. Nurses
Reunion

Sylvia Hase
Frances Clausen
Olivia Winters Blair
Dora Ditch
Edna Clausen

St. Mary's Nurses
Reunion

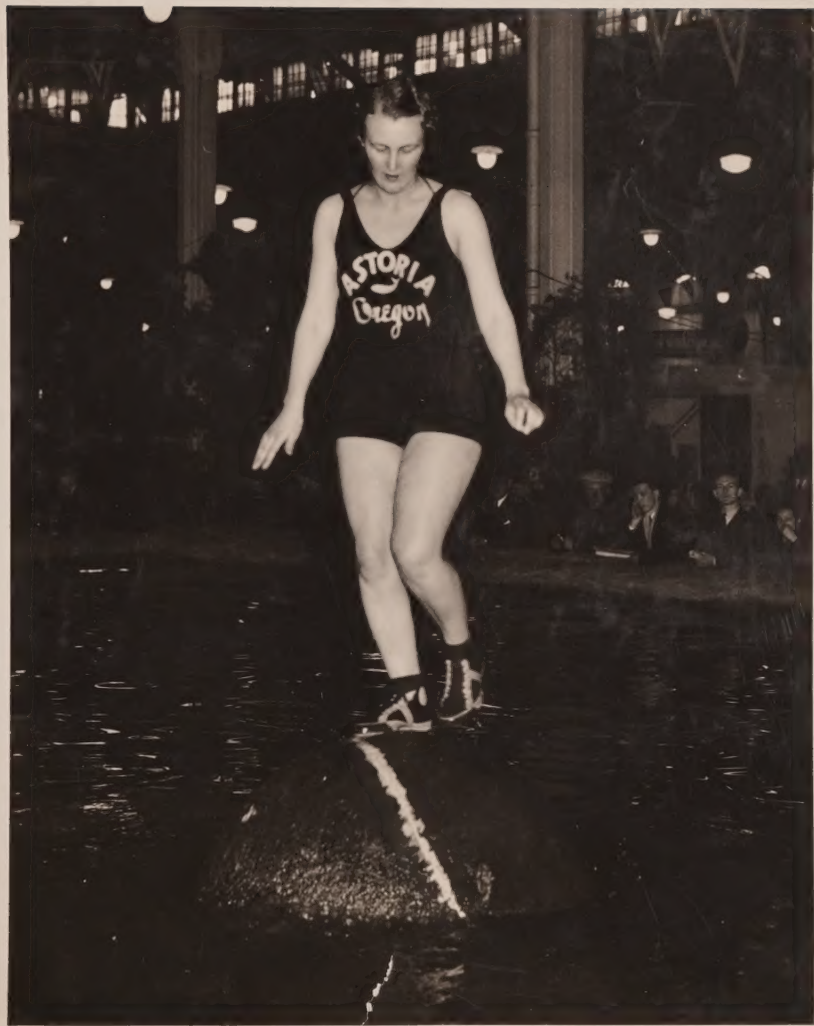
Sylvia Hase
Betty Chazik
Mary Catherine Leonard
Agnes Robinson
Evelyn Berg Stephens

8
7
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Washout Revives Memories



The tidebox under Youngs River Falls road where it crosses Tucker creek got plugged during the storm a week ago and caused the damage to the fill shown in the picture here. County road officials making repairs found the plug was caused by a large round ball and a painted section of log. They are believed to be the ones used several years ago by Clivia Winters, who won considerable fame as a log roller and used to practice in the pond on the upstream side of the Tucker Creek fill. They had apparently remained in the pond for years and eventually worked into the tide box. (A-B Photo)



Sylvia Winters of Astoria, OR at
the Philadelphia (PA) Sportsmen's
Show. MAR 29 - APR 3, 1937.

EXHIBITION INVOLVED ROLLING "GIANT
MARBLE," WHO CARRIED BY HER FATHER,
ACROSS SWIMMING POOL. WOODEN BALL
HAD BEEN WT IN HALF, HOLLOWED
OUT (TO REDUCE WEIGHT, AND THEREBY,

SITTING COSTS) AND BOLTED BACK
TOGETHER. (NOTE WHITE CAULKED
SEAM ON BALL) WHILE DIFFICULT TO
ROLL, THE HOLLOWING MADE THE
BALL EVEN MORE BUOYANT, AND
EXTREMELY DIFFICULT TO STAY AFOAT
WITHOUT GETTING WET, BUT SHE DID.

13.016.004

